

The Critic

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Literature

With Loti in Morocco *

'INTO MOROCCO,' from the French of Pierre Loti, does not supply the translator's name. It is a record of a journey from Tangier to Fez, in the spring of 1889, made on horseback, under escort of a French embassy and a caravan of camels protected by the red standard of the Sultan. Since Mr. R. Spence Watson's delightful book on Morocco and Wazan, there has been no such pleasant reading anent this region ruled over by a gallant and picturesque monarch who refuses to allow press or parliament, roads or railroads within his dominions; this land of Islam where life is like a sweet, half-savage dream. Mr. Spence Watson writes of it like an Englishman, a cultured gentleman who enjoyed exceptional advantages there, owing to his acquaintance with the English lady who has married a Grand Cherif, and given birth to two future rulers of the people, and descendants of Mahomet. But he is always the tourist, with ready statistics as to tinned meats and needful medicines. Loti, on the contrary, took experience in the open as an Arab takes it. He glories in the life that is to-day what it was a thousand years ago, in this wild, silent sunlight-flooded land, where the earth is a vast carpet of turf covered with an infinite variety of flowers, iris, daffodil, marigold, lavender and eglantine, sweet of smell and bright of color, like, but in no case identical with, the flowers of France and England; where the rivers flow fierce and strong, and are forded at any point at which the caravan may chance to wish to cross them; where the party is continually met and passed by bands of Arab horsemen going like the wind—a flash of brilliant color, leaving behind it a track of broken daffodils and iris, 'crushed as if under the breath of a white squall.'

There is never a road in Morocco in any place whatsoever. There are goat-tracks that have been widened and deepened by the caravans, and one is at liberty to ford the rivers where he likes. . . . You scarcely ever see a tree, but as if to atone for this, there are the grand tranquil lines of the virgin landscape, unbroken by roads, houses or fences. . . . We are about to change from one territory to another, and all the men of the tribe we are approaching are under arms, their chief at their head, to receive us. Perched on their lean little horses, on their high-peaked saddles that are almost like easy-chairs, they look like so many old women shrouded in long white veils, or like old black-faced dolls, or mummies. . . . We draw near, and quickly, at a word of command given in hoarse tones, the whole army scatters like a swarm of bees, horses curvetting, arms jingling, men shouting. Under the spur, their steeds rear, leap, gallop like frightened gazelles, mane and tail flying in the wind, clearing rocks and great stones at a bound. The old dolls have been restored to life; they, too, have become superb; they are metamorphosed into tall, active men, with keen faces, standing erect in their great silver-plated stirrups. The white bournouses fly open, and stream behind them in the wind with the most exquisite grace, revealing beneath robes of red, orange and green cloth, and saddles with housings of pink, yellow and blue silk embroidered with gold. And the fine symmetrical arms of the men, of the color of light bronze, emerge from the wide sleeves, brandishing in the air in their headlong course the heavy bronze

* Into Morocco. From the French of Pierre Loti. 75 cts. New York: Welch, Fracker Co.

muskets which in their hands seem no heavier than reeds. It is a first welcoming fantasia (exhibition of Arab hard-riding) given in our honor. . . . Men pass us with the speed of a flash, standing erect upon their saddles, or standing on their heads with their legs waving in the air; two horsemen make for each other on a mad gallop, and, as they meet, without drawing rein or coming in collision, exchange muskets and give each other a kiss. An old gray-bearded chief proudly calls our attention to a squad of twelve horsemen who charge down on us abreast—and such handsome fellows as they are! They are his twelve sons.

Such are the pictures presented in rapid succession upon every page of this narrative of an impressionist. If it be slightly tintured with a philosophy that is pagan, one must look and listen as to the pipings of a faun. Whatever is lacking in statistical information about the country of Morocco may be fitly and agreeably supplied by reading the English book referred to above, published by the Macmillans some ten years ago. Loti went no further than to the cities of Fez and Mequinez, some of whose interiors are described as duplicates of those familiar to us in 'The Arabian Nights'; while Spence Watson was a guest of the son of the Grand Cherif in the sacred city of Wazan, into which two Englishmen, only, had been allowed to enter before him. And the maps, index, and prosaic data supplied by Watson, will make doubly clear and interesting the fascinating text of Loti.

Moorehead's "Fort Ancient" *

'FORT ANCIENT' is the quaint but not inappropriate name popularly bestowed on the celebrated structure in Warren County, Ohio, which is deemed to be 'the greatest of all pre-historic earthworks in the Mississippi basin.' It has been repeatedly described, with more or less particularity, by American archaeologists, including Atwater, Squire and Davis, Sheppard, Locke, and other well-known writers; but a thorough and minute survey and exploration had been still felt to be a desideration. This want has been in a large measure supplied by Mr. Warren K. Moorehead, of the Smithsonian Institute, whose recent volume on the subject presents us with by far the best description of this remarkable relic of our vanished predecessors that has yet been published. When it is stated that the total length of the walls which encompass this vast fortress is not less than twenty-one thousand feet (or nearly four miles) and that their original height probably varied from ten to forty feet, it becomes apparent that the structure was really a stupendous work, indicating great numbers and a remarkable aptitude for combined labor in the population that executed it.

Mr. Moorehead is not given to theorizing, and confines himself mainly to the collection of facts, from which future theorists may make their deductions. From various remarks, however, we may gather that in his opinion the work is not of very great antiquity, its erection probably not dating back more than nine hundred years; that its builders were apparently akin to the Mandans, or, in other words, were of the great Dakotan or Siouan stock; that the fortress was constructed as a general refuge for the people of the surrounding country, for many miles about, against the attacks of the northern savages who finally overpowered them, and in whom we may doubtless recognize the Algonkin and Iroquois tribes of our times. All these suggestions are plausible enough; and it is worthy of note that if they should be confirmed by further investigation, the result will be to bring this interesting structure as directly within historic lines as are the Roman walls or the feudal castles of Europe. It is certainly much to be desired, as Mr. Moorehead urges, that 'Fort Ancient,' as one of the most notable antiquities of America, should be secured against destruction, and preserved under some public guardianship,—like its twin structure, the 'Great Serpent Mound' of the same State, which the Peabody Institute has lately taken in charge, with excellent results.

* Fort Ancient. By Warren K. Moorehead. \$2. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Jefferson's Second Administration*

ONE WHO is disturbed at the intense political excitement attending our Presidential and other elections, will find balm and consolation in reading Mr. Adams's brilliant story of Jefferson's two administrations. The experiment of self-government on a national scale was then a novelty, and the men who moulded the destinies of the young American Republic were of vast personal importance. Watched with eager eye by all parties, the President was not, as now, the chief clerk of a mighty nation of busy people that knows its own importance, but was the subject of what now seems incredible acrimony as well as partisan interest. The thoughts of men then dwelt on political matters to an extent that is not now easy to realize—unless we read these volumes. In continuation of a story which he has learned to tell with great vividness, accuracy and power, after long years of study among European and American archives, Mr. Adams appears as an impartial historian. Without much visible personal sympathy with Jefferson, he yet gives us a fair picture of his defects and merits, his strength and his weakness. One learns to appreciate all the more the talents and character of Gallatin, whose influence made Jefferson less a theorist and more of a practical patriot in the broad sense of the term. The weakness of Madison as a diplomatist, and the villanies of Burr are clearly exposed. No more vigorous picture of the great conspiracy of the killer of Hamilton has yet been presented than that which, with ample knowledge, picturesque phrase, bold metaphor, and exact statement, occupies much of the first volume.

Yet it is not merely with land affairs that the historian is at home. To tell an old story with surprising freshness, bringing into the foreground the vital points and setting in shadow the detail which the campaign biographer or sensational writer would emphasize, is a good test of a writer's power. The incident of the Leopard and Chesapeake is rightly given its proportions, and under Mr. Adams's pen becomes a new landmark in history. In fact, the treacherous attack of the Leopard, more than any other one event from the fight at Lexington, helped to weld into unity the American States. The broadsides of the British bully really made our Navy of 1812 so formidable. 'No American captain, unless he wished to be hung by his own crew at his own yard-arm, was likely ever again to let a British frigate come within gunshot, without taking such precaution as he would have taken against a pirate.' How far the President was to blame in the causes and consequences of 'the Chesapeake affair' is shown most subtly, powerfully and clearly by the author, who considers each element in the case. On page 75 of Vol. II. we find one of those contrasted pictures of the American and British ideal and attainment which compel re-reading and yield keen enjoyment to the lover of the grand manner in literature; and such pages in the history are numerous. 'Contempt for America was founded on belief in American cowardice; but beneath the disdain lurked an uneasy doubt which gave to contempt the virulence of fear.' Without acknowledging it to himself, the British ship-owner, disgusted with American competition in peace, clamored for war, in which, however, 'he was likely to enjoy little profit or pleasure on the day when the long, low, black hull of the Yankee privateer, with her tapering, bending spars, her long-range gun, and her sharp-faced captain, should appear on the Western horizon.' Rightly, too, he gives true proportion in his story to the invention tried on the Clermont. 'Fulton's steamer went its way, waiting until men's time should become so valuable as to be worth the saving.' The writer shows himself a master-builder of history. An index completes Vol. II., as the story parts with Jefferson in private life at Monticello, after sixteen years' leadership in the arena of politics. To have read this book carefully is to have done much toward one's political education.

* History of the United States. By Henry Adams. Vols. III.-IV. The Second Administration of Thomas Jefferson. \$2 per vol. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Church's "Early Britain"

PANORAMIC VIEWS of history, with abundant illustrations, are among the happiest devices of modern times for training and interesting the youthful mind. It used to be story-books pure and simple,—'Sandford and Merton,' 'Simple Susan,' and the like—or ponderous tomes such as 'The Whole Duty of Man' over which Dr. Johnson's childhood rebelled. Now it is still the story form, but it is history told under this charming disguise after the manner of great artists like Plutarch, Livy and Froissart: it is history told and explained by Tanagra figures, by delicate and versatile terra-cottas, by quaint and instructive figures representative of a vivacious though extinct civilization, rather than history told in the cold and statuesque forms of the classic historians, who give us a gallery of chilling marbles rather than the cabinet of living creatures that we need. It is in this way that the artists whom the Messrs. Putnam employ in their Story of the Nations Series approach their themes,—as illustrators, as vivid workers with swift fingers, who take the material woven in ancient looms and transform it into a multitude of agreeable forms, lively pictures, ringing episodes; as Tanagra-artists, in short, who prefer to give a characteristic even if high-colored family scene, a street-squabble of ancient Athens, a group of dancing figures full of animation, rather than to pound away at a ton of ponderous stone in the endeavor to work out an Athené Parthenos or a Niké. It is in this spirit that the 'Story' series is conceived. Our shelves groan with histories unspeakable, and memoirs unutterable, and *geschichten* unreadable: it is now in order for the younger generation to profit by the new methods, to have their history-food aerated and animated, and to be kindled by the past which glows on our century with an entirely new brightness and charm.

Prof. Church has undertaken to animate the dead gulf of Ancient Britain with living forms in the modern manner for us. This Mare Mortuum—Early Britain—has long been as nebulous as the North Sea; for, though we had chroniclers and chronicles, histories and historians (mostly in Latin) before, the original documents had never been wrought into a quick and flowing narrative like this, illuminated at every point, on nearly every page or two, with coins, and maps, and pictures, scenery, antiquities, spoils of old vellums and pictured MSS., and specimens of jewelry and mosaic reproduced in life-like lines. Prof. Church's chapters are short if not sharp; they are clear if not trenchant. He reproduces, of course, the substance of Green and Sharon Turner, of Collingwood Bruce and Freeman and Lappenberg (whose name he misspells), but he does so in three-and-thirty brief chapters which, though brief, deal amply for his purpose with Celtic, Roman, Anglo-Saxon, and Danish Britain. The book begins with Pytheas and Caesar and ends with Senlac and the Conqueror. Though Prof. Church is far from being vivacious, he is alive, and while he nods over an occasional proper name, he may be trusted for his facts. Indeed, there is no book quite equal to his, within its limits, for lighting up candelabra-like a very obscure period of English history.

Vol. X. of the Stedman-Hutchinson Library†

BRET HARTE, Sidney Lanier, Henry James, Jr., John Boyle O'Reilly, Richard Watson Gilder, John Vance Cheney, Emma Lazarus, Arlo Bates and Eugene Field are the writers from whose works Mr. Stedman and Miss Hutchinson have most largely helped themselves in making up the tenth volume of their 'Library of American Literature.' It will be seen that it is, in good part, a volume of poetry; and it may fairly be inferred that, in the editors' opinion, a great share of our contemporary literature, worthy to be preserved, is poetic, at least in form. Of Bret Harte, two only, out of nine excerpts, are in prose. Among the poems are 'Truth-

* The Story of Early Britain. By Prof. A. J. Church. \$1.50. (Story of the Nations.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† A Library of American Literature. Edited by Edmund C. Stedman and Ellen Mackay Hutchinson. Vol. X. 1861-1883. \$3. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co.

ful James' and 'The Society upon the Stanislaus.' Henry George's innocent way of seeming to prove what remains exceedingly dubious is exemplified in an extract from 'Progress and Property.' Of Henry Watterson, we have an oration on 'The New South'; of Kate Field 'Some Reminiscences of Landor'; of H. M. Stanley his account of his meeting with Livingstone. With Cincinnatus Hiner (better known as Joaquin) Miller we drop into poetry once more, in selections from 'Songs of the Sierras.' Mayo William Hazeltine tells us about Zola. George Makepeace Towle pictures to us 'Gladstone Speaking.' John Fiske evolves from 'Evolution' an exalted moral doctrine; Sidney Lanier's verse overflows the broad 'Marshes of Glynn.' Of Charles Warren Stoddard there are only 'Albatross' and 'The Cocoa Tree' in poetry and 'The Surf-swimmer' in prose. Maurice Thompson analyzes the song of birds; George W. Cable tells us the story of 'Madame Délicieuse'; George Haven Putnam argues in favor of 'International Copyright.' The method of 'Breaking in a President,' and the ritual of 'A Country Breakfast in England' are elucidated for our instruction by the authors of 'Democracy' and of 'Aristocracy' respectively.

There is a long passage from Julian Hawthorne's 'Archibald Malmaison,' and a short one from Anna Katharine Green's 'Hand and Ring,' and one long, but not too long, from Arthur Sherburne Hardy's 'Passe Rose.' William Henry Bishop gives us 'A Little Dinner,' prefaced with some 'Bumble-Bee' music by Henry Augustin Beers. Edgar Fawcett is aided and abetted in his attempt to immortalize 'The Gentlemen who Lived too Long.' The four chief ways of pronouncing the word 'Vase' are inculcated in rhyme by James Jeffrey Roche. The story of 'The Lady of Little Fishing' is recounted by Constance Fenimore Woolson, who helped to burn down the town that the Lady built; and 'The Wonderful Tar-Baby Story' is retold in the name of Joel Chandler Harris. Philip Henry Welch's 'Social Phonographs' precede George Augustus Baker's 'Love's Young Dream.' Clarence C. Buel's panegyric on Henry Bergh follows Edward Bellamy's 'Dream Within a Dream'; and Eugene Field's 'A Fairy Glee' winds up the volume, which is not inferior in general interest to any of its nine predecessors. There are steel-plates of Bret Harte and Sidney Lanier, and woodcuts of John Fiske, Emma Lazarus, Henry James, Thomas A. Janvier, Joaquin Miller, R. W. Gilder, Mrs. Burnett, Bronson Howard, Cable, Hawthorne, Harris, Blanche Willis Howard, Sarah Orne Jewett and Miss Woolson.

Sir Alfred Lyall's "Hastings"

SO MUCH has been written, and usually in so partisan a tone, about the career of Warren Hastings, that this little volume of Sir Alfred Lyall's ought to win recognition for its fairness and its brevity alike. It seems to us to be a most satisfactory and judicial treatment of the subject's Indian administration—a subject which, from its romantic surroundings and the dramatic pomp of Hastings' famous trial, must always preserve its interest. Sir Alfred begins with Hastings' boyhood. Born of a race old but impoverished, deserted by a father who was but sixteen when his son was born, young Warren existed until his seventeenth year upon the charity of an uncle. The death of this relative led to his withdrawal from Westminster School, where he had already made a reputation, and after some preliminary training in accounts, he was sent to Bengal as a writer on the Company's establishment. His abilities were destined to be displayed, not in the career of an Oxford scholar, not in the disputations of learned seclusion, but in the government of the vast Indian peninsula.

Almost everyone is familiar with the history of his life, with the difficulties he encountered and vanquished by diplomacy or the sword; and no one doubts to-day that to

Warren Hastings more than to any other man (Clive possibly excepted) England is indebted for her Asiatic empire. His trial has been read by every schoolboy in the periods of Burke and Sheridan. Despite their batteries of splendid abuse, which are now only the despair of the youthful and ambitious orator, and despite Francis—more venomous, more bitter, more malevolent than even Burke,—Hastings stood at last acquitted not only by the verdict of the court but by that of his countrymen. In 1788, at the beginning of a trial which lasted seven years and is unprecedented in English history, Hastings had been impeached in the presence of the Princes, the Peers and the Commons of Great Britain. The walls of that historic hall had resounded to such eloquent denunciation of him and of his alleged crimes as is perhaps unique in history. In 1813, after giving evidence upon Indian affairs, he retired from the presence of the Commons and later from the presence of the Peers, attended by the profoundest indications of respect. Peers and Commons stood uncovered in their places until the creator of the British Empire in India had left for the last time the limits of the Senate House. This little volume of Sir Alfred Lyall, with no pretension to the brilliancy of Macaulay, and with no strong bias as regards any of the long-disputed questions of Hastings' administration, conveys, we think, a plain and truthful portrait of the first Governor-General of India.

Poetry and Verse*

IN HIS LATEST VOLUME, 'A New Pilgrimage,' Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt has something to say by way of a preface regarding that much disputed question—the structure of the English sonnet: he also has a suggestion to make concerning assonance as a form of ending in the composition of verse. In the sonnets and verses which follow this preface he practises what he preaches, but the best poem in the volume is a pastoral entitled 'North Forest,' which is written in plain, straightforward pentameter couplets, with a fair show of adherence to rhyme. Sonnet XXXVI, in the first portion, seems to us his best example of the sonnet he prefers, and reads as follows:—

The majesty of Rome to me is naught;
The imperial story of her conquering car
Touches me only with compassionate thought
For the doomed nations fabled by her star.
Her palaces of Caesars tombstones are
For a whole world of freedoms vainly caught
In her high fortune. Throned was she in war;
By war she perished. So is justice wrought.
A nobler Rome is here, which shall not die.
She rose from the dead ashes of men's lust,
And robed herself anew in chastity,
And half redeemed man's heritage of dust.
This Rome I fain would love, though darkly hid
In mists of passion and desires scarce dead.

In the 'Idler's Calendar' he introduces to us a new form 'in which he conceives the English sonnet may be written': this consists of sixteen lines. In both forms he uses the couplet termination. To return to the author's preface, all that he says concerning the sonnet form is interesting, but it is useless. There are as many varieties of sonnets as there are of dogs: the sonnet of Petrarch is one variety; that of Shakespeare, another; and that of Mr. Blunt a third. Just so long as poets call any fourteen-line stanza a sonnet, just so long will the race of sonnets increase and the varieties in form multiply,—until the limit of permutations of fourteen is reached. The metrical model is entirely a matter of taste: for ourselves we like best the octave ABBAABBA, with the sestet CDECDE or CDCDCD. Either of these we conceive to be the legitimate Italian sonnet. Shakespeare used three four-line stanzas followed by a couplet, with no limitations of rhymes. This form we should say might fairly be called the English sonnet. It is not the form that makes a great sonnet: it is, as Mr. Blunt says, the 'intellectual measure.' The greatest English sonnet-writers have not adhered to any one form, though, with the notable exception of Shakespeare, it would seem that the Italian model was their choice. As we have said on

* Warren Hastings. By Sir Alfred Lyall. 60 cts. New York: Macmillan & Co.

* 1. A New Pilgrimage. By Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. 2s. New York: Scribner, Welford & Co. 2. The Fables of John Gay. Ed. by W. H. Kearley Wright. 75 cts. New York: F. Warne & Co. 3. Easter Gleams. By Lucy Larcom. 75 cts. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 4. Catterel Ratterel (Doggerel). Illus. by Bessie A. Ficklen. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5. Herr Cherrytree's Prose and Poetry. New York: John B. Alden. 6. Driftwood. By Will W. Pfimmer. Buffalo: C. W. Moulton. 7. Gabriel. By Albert Bigelow Paine. Fort Scott, Kansas: M. L. Isor.

previous occasions, the sonnet habit is a dangerous one and needs to be carefully watched. Make the sonnet fit the thought, but don't try the other thing.

A new volume in the Chandos Classics series is 'The Fables of John Gay' (2), with biographical and critical introduction and bibliographical appendix, edited by Mr. W. H. Kearley Wright. The fables are illustrated by Harvey's drawings, and are neatly printed in clear type. The biographical introduction, besides being very complete, makes one new contribution to what is known of the poet's life by fixing the date of his birth. Heretofore his biographers have stated that he was born in 1688, whereas it is now definitely known that he was born on the 16th of September, 1685. The bibliographical appendix includes all the editions of the Fables from the first in 1727 to that edited by Mr. Austin Dobson in 1882, and is a valuable list for book-collectors.

A dainty and attractive little booklet of religious poems is Miss Lucy Larcom's 'Easter Gleams' (3). These poems, of which there are about two dozen, are characterized by a strong religious feeling and a genuine grace of expression, and they reveal a very happy faith on the part of the author. A worthier and prettier Easter gift could not be found.

'Catterel Ratterel' (4) is a book of 'doggerel' illustrated by Bessie Alexander Ficklen. The pictures are as good as the doggerel, and the doggerel is—doggerel. More doggerel doggerel is to be found in 'Herr Cherrytree's Prose and Poetry' (5), which is published by John B. Alden. 'Driftwood' (6) is the title of a thin volume of thinly disguised 'lifts' from James Whitcomb Riley, lifted by one Will W. Pfrimmer. Mr. Riley is a poet: Mr. Pfrimmer is a penny-whistle. 'Gabriel' (7) is a weak story told in spineless blank-verse. It is erroneously called 'A Poem.' Albert Bigelow Paine wrote it. We believe he is a new member of the Kansas choir of frenzied singers.

Minor Notices

MOST PEOPLE do not like their science dry, Mr. Grant Allen intimates in the very short preface to 'Falling in Love: with Other Essays on More Exact Branches of Science.' Therefore he has been at the pains to sweeten and dilute a good many mouthfuls of biological, geological and archaeological science, which, first laid before the readers of *The Fortnightly Review*, *Longman's* and *The Cornhill*, are now offered in book form to other searchers after amusement combined with instruction. They will find a fair variety of both in these twenty-one essays. The first and title essay upholds natural instincts, novelists and rash young people against tyrannical parents, Malthus and Sir George Campbell. 'Evolution' is a history of the evolutionary hypotheses from Buffon to Herbert Spencer. 'A Fossil Continent' describes Australia as a relic of the secondary geologic period. In 'A Very old Master,' 'Ogbury Barrows' and 'The First Potter,' pre-historic man is dealt with as artist, religionist and manufacturer. In 'De Banana' (which he wishes us to take for dog-Latin rather than pigeon-English) pre-historic agriculture is touched upon; while in 'The Milk in the Coconut' the problem examined is a purely botanical one. In 'Big Animals' those now existing are compared with ancient monsters. 'Fish Out of Water' recounts the terrestrial or aerial doings of mud-fish, flying-fish and climbing perches, and is almost as entertaining as M. François Rabelais's account of the eels of the Ile Farouche, while we are willing to believe it a trifle more veracious. Many readers who feel like fish out of water in the rarified atmosphere of pure science may yet be tempted by these essays, as by moist and cool alluvial meadows, to a ramble along its borders. (\$1.25. D. Appleton & Co.)

'THE CHRYSOSTOM OF AMERICA' reached the high tableland both of eloquence and catholicity in his oration before the Boston Congregational Club, in Tremont Temple, on Dec. 18, 1889. Dr. Storrs is always most felicitous and cogent when in *oratione dulciora melle* he is eulogizing the character of the founders of New England. In his address on 'The Puritan Spirit' he manifested a catholic spirit of appreciation and generous inclusion which delighted his friends and surprised those who knew not his temper. His recent trials as President in the furnace-room of the American Board, in which children from the theological seminaries are tested as to their attitude towards certain creeds, seem to have refined him, adding a richer sheen even to his golden eloquence. After a subtle analysis of what constituted the Puritan spirit, this Puritan himself, with the culture almost of a Milton, sweeps all history, and greets afar off all those who had witness borne to them that they looked for the same ideal, and walking in the same path of duty flinched not. Noticing the fact that at Plymouth, Mass., a monument has been recently dedicated to the Pilgrim Fathers, the orator argues in favor of the proposition made in the Congregational Club, that another be erected at Delftshaven, Holland, so that the 'unfail-

ing wires of reverent remembrance shall bind not Delft and Plymouth alone, but all the hearts fearless of man and steadfast for righteousness in both the continents.' True scholarship, faithfulness to the Puritans, and certainly the whole tenor of the oration insist that we shall magnify not what was external and accidental, but rather what was intrinsic and real in these founders of New England. A fine portrait of Dr. Storrs is set as frontispiece; and on the last page is an analysis of the oration. (Boston: Congregational Sunday-School and Pub. Society.)

IN A COVER of heavy white paper, with a knotted white silk cord drawn through it, and no inscription on the face but the title in gilt letters, the 'Browning Memorial' appears from the University Press with a correct and satisfactory account of the much misreported exercises that took place in King's Chapel on Tuesday, Jan. 28, under the auspices of the Browning Society of Boston. Col. T. W. Higginson's brief introductory remarks (read in his absence by Dr. W. J. Rolfe, who presided) fill three pages, while Dr. C. C. Everett's memorial address occupies some five-and-twenty, and is followed by Mr. C. P. Cranch's personal reminiscences. Mr. Cranch's sonnet and Mr. Gilder's 'The Twelfth of December, 1889,' are the two original poems; and besides these we have the extracts from Browning's poetry that were sung by Mr. Winch, together with Mrs. Browning's 'He Giveth his Beloved Sleep' and Watts's 'O God, our Help in Ages Past'; and Dr. Francis G. Peabody's prayer, the remarks of Mr. Dana Estes, and Dr. Phillips Brooks's benediction are not omitted; and from *The New England Magazine* are reprinted a portrait of Browning and views, exterior and interior, of the Chapel. There is also a view of the chancel and pulpit, showing the memorial decorations. (\$1.25. Browning Society.)

IN REACTION against the old idea, so prominent in Fourth of July orations and other uncritical forms of expressing the opinion that the United States was 'a nation born in a day,' Dr. Albion W. Small, President of Colby University, has written a pamphlet in which he discusses the constitutional relations between the Continental Congress and the colonies and States in 1774-89. He shows, by a surprising and familiar acquaintance with scattered elemental facts, that the American nation was not the product of spontaneous generation, but the result of a long process of evolution. There was neither 'leap' nor catastrophe, but normal growth out of elements already prepared in the governmental framework of the colonies and in the constitutions of the States. Both Congress and people wrought together in regular steps towards the final goal. This pamphlet is entitled 'The Beginnings of American Nationality,' and should be read in connection with the late Prof. Johnston's article, which also shows that the Constitution of the United States was not 'struck off,' but belongs, 'as President Small's, also, ably shows, 'to the slow procession of gradual advance.' In a word, he makes it clear that eloquence must give way before the facts. (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Series.)—A HANDBOOK of Precious Stones, by M. D. Rothschild, gives many useful particulars about the rarity, color, specific gravity, hardness, lustre, and other qualities of most precious stones and other gems. It tells how to distinguish the finer varieties of each from the more common, and genuine specimens from imitations. Several diagrams in the text show instruments used in testing and weighing and the more fashionable shapes in which gems are cut. (\$1. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

STORIES about missionaries by globe-trotters on the one hand, and by long residents in pagan lands on the other, are apt to vary as daylight and darkness do. Sir William Wilson Hunter, the renowned Sanskrit scholar, author of 'The Annals of Rural Bengal' and conqueror of famines, has written a narrative in four chapters of 'The Old Missionary.' It is a vivid picture of life in India, and of the noble self-sacrificing labors of a Scotchman laboring under an Anglican Church Society who fulfilled Saint Paul's exhortation, 'Be ye slaves to one another in love.' Incidentally it is a capital picture of the problems revealed in the attempt to displace one civilization or system of education by another, the Oriental by the Occidental, and to keep man-made creeds of damnation as integral parts of the Christ-made gospel of love. (50 cts. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)—MAGGIE SYMINGTON knows how to write for children. Having already penned two good books, she appears in a third, entitled 'Seed, Flower and Fruit,' in which there are twelve 'Sunday chats with little folks' under each of the three divisions. Saint Paul, who makes the order of procedure in nature and teaching to be first the natural and then the spiritual, is her model. Many of the little stories, like that of 'The Stone in the Plum,' are gems of wisdom set in ouches—if we may borrow an old English jeweler's term—of simple language and pleasing illustration. The

Bible and botany, poetry and ethics, are aptly combined. The little book will open many a wicket-gate into the paths of pleasantness and peace. (\$1.25. E. P. Dutton & Co.)

'ELEMENTS OF LOGIC as a Science of Propositions,' by E. E. Constance Jones of Girton College, Cambridge, presents some facts of logic in a new light. Unfortunately, the light is not, as it seems to us, any brighter than the old, but rather less so. The peculiarity of Miss Jones's work is the introduction of a new terminology affecting almost every part of the science. Thus, at the very beginning of the book we find the strange term 'quantitiveness' used to denote what other writers call being, or existence. The author expressly states that the new term has the same meaning as the old, and as it is ambiguous, it is hard to see any reason for introducing it. This, however, is only one out of an immense number of new terms and phrases that meet us throughout the book, several chapters being devoted to the statement and explanation of them. Under the head of propositions, the strange terminology meets us at every step, hypothetical propositions being called 'inferential,' disjunctive ones 'alternative,' and so forth. Now, in an old science like logic, which has had a settled terminology for centuries, a new one ought not to be introduced without imperative reasons, and we cannot see that any such reasons are given in this book; nor can we see any advantage in the new system over the old, but rather the contrary. We have dwelt chiefly on this feature of Miss Jones's work because it is the only one that is specially new, and because the introduction of it is apparently the object of the book. For the rest, the work contains nothing that calls for special comment. (\$3. Scribner & Welford.)

'FIRES IN AMERICAN CITIES,' by Andrew P. Peabody, is an essay reprinted from *The International Review* of Jan., 1874. Dr. Peabody takes the ground that a vast number of destructive fires are preventable, and undertakes to show in detail how they can be prevented. He maintains that the practice of insuring buildings tends to increase the number and destructiveness of fires, partly because the owner of an insured building is apt to be more careless than the owner of an uninsured one, and partly because the insurance companies themselves are not sufficiently careful as to the risks they take. He also suggests that every fire should be made the subject of an inquiry by some public authority. The organization of the public fire-departments also is criticised, and the essay closes with a few words on the subject of fire-proof buildings. There is much in Dr. Peabody's pamphlet that is worthy of consideration. (20 cts. Boston: Dammell & Upham.)—THE NEW YORK COLLEGE for the Training of Teachers has published a pamphlet on 'Manual Training in the Public Schools of Philadelphia,' by James MacAlister, giving an account of the courses in manual work that have been put in practice in certain schools in that city. Unfortunately, the manual exercises thus far have been confined almost entirely to a few special schools, the pupils in which voluntarily chose to attend them in preference to the ordinary high schools; and hence the experience of these schools is of little use in determining the value of manual training as a part of the general system of education. The Industrial Art school and Manual Training School, consisting as they do of special students, have had good success; but in the Philadelphia schools in general, manual training is only just beginning to be introduced, so that its effects are as yet unknown. Sewing, however, has been practised for a few years in some of the girls' schools, and is looked upon with favor. The pamphlet closes with an account of the courses of manual training that have been adopted in the various city schools. (20 cts.)

Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The 'Henry Irving' Edition of Shakespeare.—An Ohio correspondent inquires concerning the merits of the 'Henry Irving' edition of Shakespeare, published by Blackie & Son of Glasgow, for whom Scribner & Welford are the American agents. Seven volumes (large octavo, about 400 pages each) are now out, and the eighth, completing the series, will soon appear. Henry Irving and Frank A. Marshall (whose recent death is a serious loss to Shakespearian scholarship) are the editors; but the share of the former in the work seems to be limited to an introductory essay of six pages on 'Shakespeare as a Playwright,' excellent in its way, and the marking of portions of each play to be omitted in acting—or in reading, when it is desirable to abridge the text. This latter feature is new in a complete edition of Shakespeare, and is carried out with good taste and judgment. Of course there is no attempt to give an 'acting version' in the full sense of the term, no scenes being transposed as is often done—and sometimes to advantage—on the modern stage.

Another distinctive feature of this edition is the 'Stage History'—given in the introduction to each play, in addition to the 'Literary History' and 'Critical Remarks.' As the preface acknowledges, this information 'is, in many cases, very scanty, as we have so few early records of the representations of Shakespeare's plays'; but the accessible facts have been carefully gathered and concisely presented.

The 'Notes' are of two kinds: brief explanations of peculiar words and phrases, likely to perplex the ordinary reader, put at the bottom of the page of text; and longer textual, explanatory, and critical annotations, at the end of each play. A list of the words occurring only in the play is appended; also lists of original emendations adopted and of those only suggested. In the historical plays brief biographies of the leading characters are grouped at the beginning of these longer notes. All this work is well done, and the edition is sure to attain an honorable place among the 'standard editions' of the dramatist.

The pictorial illustrations by Gordon Brown and other artists are less satisfactory, though here and there of more than average merit. The maps accompanying the historical plays will be found useful; but those to 'As You Like It,' 'Twelfth Night,' 'The Winter's Tale,' and the like, are amusingly superfluous. The localities of these plays are mere names, and might be anywhere else. Shift about the names, and it would make no difference in the text, except in the measure of the lines in which the names occur. The map of Bohemia is made to show the bit of sea-coast which is said to have belonged to it in the thirteenth century; but the notes do not refer to this, but simply state the fact that Shakespeare took his sea-coast from Greene's novel whence he borrowed his plot. He probably neither knew nor cared whether Bohemia had a seaport or not; and he was wrong, anyhow (though I believe no commentator has noted this), in making the *capital* a port when it was hundreds of miles north of the Adriatic. The map of Northern Italy will at least serve to show the reader who has forgotten his early lessons in geography that a ship could not sail from Verona to Milan, as it does so easily in the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona.' The old canal between the two cities, of which certain German critics profess to have found some evidence, though possibly evolved from their own consciousness, is not down on the maps; and it is wisely omitted, since the references to the tides and winds and to the possibilities of shipwreck—a rare catastrophe on the 'raging canawl'—indicate plainly enough that Shakespeare had a sea-voyage in mind. When he wrote that early play he was not so much at home in Italy as he afterwards became, though I doubt whether he ever visited the country, as Mr. C. A. Brown and others have supposed. A map is also given for 'Lear,' though Dover, with its commanding 'cliff,' is the only locality distinctly pointed out; but Gloucester is marked, as if it had a real connection with the character that is named from it, with Camelot and Sarum to which casual allusion is made. But this failing is one that leans to virtue's side; for, as I have said in prefaces of my own, in this illustration of Shakespeare it is better to err, if at all, on the side of fulness. The mechanical execution of the volumes is all that could be desired, and the proof-reading appears to have been done with more than average carefulness.

The Stratford 'Restorations' Again.—A bewildered querist in a neighboring city wants to know what is 'the truth about this Stratford business.' He has read the five pages headed 'Vandalism at Stratford-upon-Avon' in *Shakespeariana* for January, and is evidently impressed by the quotations from Halliwell-Phillips and others 'who ought to know' about the matter. I can only repeat my honest opinion that, so far as the work on the church is concerned there is no good ground for complaint. All that Halliwell-Phillips really said was, that people familiar with the history of the Church 'may be excused for thinking it possible that the irremediable mischief which accrued through local management on previous occasions may now be repeated under similar conditions' (the italics are mine). There had been 'vandalism' in the past, and he feared it might occur again. Others had the same apprehension, and it was natural enough, considering how often 'restoration' of ancient buildings in England has covered a multitude of sins against architecture and history. In this instance, however, I believe that the work has been conducted in the right spirit. One would suppose from some of the criticisms that the church had been 'modernized' and made to look in some respects as if 'newly built'; but I doubt whether a visitor who had not seen it before, and had not heard of the restorations, would suspect that any important repairs or alterations had been made in the last hundred years. The new organ, of course, looks new, and the window put in a few years ago by American contributions would not be mistaken for ancient glass; but the sacred edifice itself appears to me more truly venerable, more as we may imagine it was in Shakespeare's own day.

than when I first saw it twenty-two years ago.

The Vicar has been censured for charging a fixed fee of sixpence for admission to the church when service is not going on; but this is coming to be the rule at the English cathedrals and churches that are much visited by tourists, the great majority of whom I am confident are relieved when they find that they are to pay a definite price instead of the indefinite 'tip' otherwise expected. It was also a good idea to give each visitor a printed description of the church, though people who have never been there, and who are bound to find fault with everything the present vicar does, have actually complained of this. In former years the sexton or vergier used to take tourists about the building in as hurried a way as he could, in order to get his 'tip' and be ready to attend to another lot of visitors; but now one can linger in the building and examine it at leisure, referring to the printed slip, which is a welcome exchange for the parrot-like gabble of the attendant.

As to the alleged 'vandalism' in the churchyard, I can only say, as in a former note, that I know nothing of my own knowledge; but I shall be surprised if this portion of the charges against the vicar does not prove to be as unreasonable as the rest.

Shakespeare on the Pacific Slope.—A Californian, now on a visit to the East, who has seen my comments upon Judge Hosmer's book on the 'Sonnets,' writes to say that I 'must not suppose that all the people on that side of the Continent are such blasphemed fools'; and he goes on to tell of excellent work in the study of Shakespeare over there. Some of this had not come to my knowledge, though I was familiar with many facts of the same sort. Reports often reach me of the doings of Shakespeare Clubs in California; as, for instance, of the one in Woodland, the printed program of whose course of study, covering the best of the contemporary dramatists as well as Shakespeare, is admirably arranged; and the paper on 'Shakespeare—the Man or the Book?' by Charles W. Thomas, Esq., read before the Club, and printed as the leading article in *Shakespeareana* for October, 1889, shows that the literary and critical standard of the society is as high, to say the least, as that of similar organizations in this part of the country.

As an offset to Judge Hosmer's tomfoolery about the 'Sonnets,' I may mention a scholarly paper thereupon by Hon. Horace Davis, president of the State University of California, published in pamphlet form a year or more ago. It would make a capital introduction to an edition of the poems.

Magazine Notes

THERE has been much ado about a 'World Language' of late, and now Col. Higginson comes forward in the *April Century* with a project for preparing for the 'World-Literature' that Goethe foresaw. He would have the colleges teach not merely languages and philology, but some system of rhetoric, even Aristotle's or Quintilian's, that may pass for universal. Such teaching as is actually given in rhetoric, he says, begins and ends with English tradition and methods. There is such a thing as training in thought and literary expression quite apart from all national limitations, though in practice we must recognize the exceptional position of Greek literature. Joseph Jefferson, in his delightful 'Autobiography,' tells us how he came to play 'Rip van Winkle,' and among the illustrations are three from this play. An article on 'The Slave-Trade in the Congo Valley' is richly illustrated with drawings of savage implements and articles of costume. The Director-General of the Paris Exposition, M. Georges Berger, gives some practical 'Suggestions for the Next World's Fair.' He estimates that a very good fair might be held for \$17,000,000. He is opposed to rentals, sales and prizes, and he has much to say about classification, buildings and catalogues. John La Farge writes his impressions of the shrines of the Japanese heroes Iyéyasu and Iyémitu, with many illustrations, some from drawings, some apparently from photographs. 'The Serpent-Mound of Ohio' affords Prof. J. W. Putnam an opportunity to descant on serpent-worship. Charles de Kay's article on 'The Old Poetic Guild in Ireland' is illustrated with pictures of ancient harps and drinking-vessels. Maurice Thompson has an amusing Negro story, 'A Dusky Genius,' and Major J. W. Powell tells us all about the non-irrigable parts of our arid regions.

Mr. Abbey's illustrations to 'The Merchant of Venice' in *Harper's* for April are the best that have yet appeared in the series. It is not that he shows himself well acquainted with old Venetian architecture, costume and bric-à-brac, for any one with a little industry may make himself at home with these matters; but that his types of Jew and Christian merchant, of young men about town (like Salario) and clowns (like Launcelot and his old father), his Portia and his Jessica, in fine, are the first we have seen that add to our appreciation of the text. We wish we could say any-

thing of the kind for Mr. Lang's comments on the play; but his comments on the pictures may help some to appreciate them. The great physicist Thomas Young is the subject of a biographical essay by the Rev. William Henry Milburn. R. R. Bowker writes of the manufacture of 'A Suit of Clothes,' with pictures of Merino sheep, carding-machines and looms. Gen. Wesley Merritt's 'Three Indian Campaigns' introduces several exciting incidents of the Ute and Apache wars. It is illustrated by Zogbaum. 'Not Love, Not War,' Wordsworth's sonnet, is tacked on to a very beautiful, gentle river scene, drawn by Alfred Parsons. Mr. Howells's 'Shadow of a Dream' is continued. Henry Clay Lukens writes of 'American Literary Comedians,' with portraits of Nat Burbank, Edgar W. Nye ('Bill Nye'), Robert J. Burdette, Charles Follen Adams, Benjamin P. Shillaber and others. The Easy Chair discourses of College dinners, the 'Angelus' and the absurdities of our Four Hundred. Mr. Howells pays his respects to Tennyson, to Browning, and to the Kansas poet, 'Ironquill,' who, he says, 'can be colossally fatiguing as well as colossally amusing,' but 'can be nothing on a small scale,' his fun being 'of a coolness and grimness which seem the play of surface moods in a Titan.' Quotations go far to justify this view of the 'Rhymes' of the Kansas poet. In the Editor's Drawer, Mr. Warner reminds the sweet girl-graduate that 'a winning smile is just as effective to bring a man to her feet, where he belongs, as a logarithm.'

The *April Magazine of American History* is notable for the timeliness of its topics. The opening paper, by the editor, 'Our South American neighbors,' has for its text the book of travel by Frank Vincent, but the article brings the picturesque past into view with descriptions and illustrations. 'The Romance of the Map of the United States,' by H. G. Cutler of Chicago, reveals much that is entertaining. 'Laval, the First Bishop of Quebec,' by John Dimitry, and 'Diplomatic Services of George William Erving,' by Hon. J. L. M. Curry, ex-Minister to Spain, are papers of much interest. 'Washington at the Columbus Exposition,' by Rev. Dr. G. S. Plumley; 'An Account of Pennsylvania, 1765,' from Percy Cross Standing, of London; 'Anecdote of Lord Chief Justice Holt,' by D. Turner; and 'Westward to the South Seas,' by Milton T. Adkins, are other contributions.—The *April Quarterly Journal of Economics*, published for Harvard University, contains articles by Gen. Francis A. Walker on 'Protection and Protectionism,' in which arguments for and against protection are temperately discussed; by Prof. Taussig of Harvard, on the 'Silver Situation, its History and its Dangers'; E. C. Gonner of Liverpool, England, on 'Ricardo and his Critics'; F. B. Hawley of New York, on 'Profits and the Residual Theory'; and N. Matthews, Jr., of Boston, on the Taxation of Mortgages in Massachusetts. There are also Notes and Memoranda on the law against socialists in Germany and on recent works on finance and political economy; and the usual Bibliography.

Boston Letter

A GOOD DEAL of interest was excited in Cambridge and Boston last week by Mr. William M. Salter's lectures; the Harvard Philosophical Club and the Boston Society for Ethical Culture securing for him large and sympathetic audiences. He was the guest in Cambridge of Prof. William James, who gave a reception for him at which the Professors and their wives and Mr. Howells were present. Mrs. Deland, author of 'John Ward, Preacher,' is greatly interested in his teaching that works without faith may yet be filled with the loftiest spirituality. Mr. Salter's exposition of the power of pure ethics is reinforced in a remarkable article by Prof. Crawford Howell Toy in the *April Popular Science Monthly*, on 'Ethics and Religion,' in which he holds that the real substance of man's ethical code has not been affected by religion. Prof. Toy is Professor of Hebrew at the Harvard Divinity School, and though a Baptist, is in high favor with liberal theologians; his Bible Primer for Sunday-schools, which is looked upon as heretical by some churches of his own faith, having been written for the American Unitarian Association. The profound scholarship of Prof. Toy gives great weight to his interpretation of the Scriptures, and he is recognized as one of the soundest as well as one of the most progressive thinkers in the so-called Evangelical church.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish in April a novel by the Rev. Herbert D. Ward and his wife, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, entitled 'The Master of the Magicians.' Court life in Babylon six hundred years before Christ furnishes the basis for the story, the hero of which is the prophet Daniel, and the King and Queen figure in it. Astrology and divination cast a weird light over the scenes of life in the great city, with its massive fortifications and gorgeous palaces and temples and sumptuous wealth. Amid the splendors of the Capital, with its hanging-gardens and royal lion-hunts, appear the sad figures of Jewish captives, and the spiritual

purpose of the Bible narrative gives elevation to the picture of worldly grandeur. The struggle between monotheism and polytheism is vividly illustrated. Ancient tablets and the results of the best Babylonian scholarship have been consulted for the facts relating to the scenes and customs of the city. This union of careful research with vivid characterization, glowing description and spiritual insight gives to this story of Biblical times a peculiar attractiveness.

'Robert Browning: Personalities' is the title of a book by Edmund Gosse which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will soon publish. It will contain a striking article printed in *The Century* some years ago, for which Mr. Browning furnished the facts; Mr. Gosse's recent paper in *The New Review*, with prefatory matter and an epilogue; while a poem by Browning never before printed will add spice and freshness to this timely compilation.

Clara Louise Burnham, author of 'Next Door,' 'Young Maids and Old,' 'A Sane Lunatic,' etc., has written a novel entitled 'The Mistress of Beech Knoll,' which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will bring out on April 12. It is a love-story, pure and simple, with well drawn characters and interesting incidents; and by its naturalness and relation to everyday life, will appeal to intelligent readers. 'A Waif of the Plains,' to be published on the same day, shows Bret Harte's characteristic felicity in dealing with frontier life, and touches the springs of humor and pathos with its vivid pictures of out-of-the-way modes of thought and expression in connection with the original characters that it describes.

Vol. I. of the Riverside Science Series consists of 'A Century of Electricity,' by Prof. Mendenhall, Superintendent of the U. S. Coast Survey, with an additional chapter increasing its recognized value as a clear and comprehensive account of discoveries and achievements in electrical science. Vol. II., by A. L. Kimball of Johns Hopkins University, treats of 'The Physical Properties of Gases.' While scientifically accurate, it is written in a popular style. These books are to be published on April 12.

Other books to be brought out by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. on that date are 'Liberal Living upon Narrow Means,' by Christine Terhune Herrick, a daughter of Marion Harland, a work especially adapted to the needs of young housekeepers and those of moderate resources; 'Answers to Wheeler's Second Lessons in Arithmetic'; 'The Roman Singer,' by F. Marion Crawford (in the Riverside Paper Series); and 'Longfellow Leaflets,' 'Whittier Leaflets,' and 'Holmes Leaflets,' edited by Josephine E. Hodgdon (in the Riverside Literature Series).

The April *Arena* has a portrait of Bishop Spaulding, whose paper, 'God in The Constitution,' is an answer to a recent one by Col. Ingersoll. The Rev. Minot J. Savage, in 'Religion, Morals and the Public Schools,' takes the ground that the State has no right to give religious instruction in these institutions, but that it can legitimately teach the fundamental principles of ethics. 'The Mask of Tyranny' is the title of an able article by Wm. Lloyd Garrison, maintaining that while the Nationalist movement excites useful discussion on matters of vital social interest, it tends to deter earnest people from direct practical endeavor. A valuable symposium on 'White Child Slavery' has Rabbi Schindler, Helen Campbell, A. A. Chevaillier, Jennie June and others as contributors. W. E. Manley, D.D., considers 'Eternal Punishment' as having no basis in the Bible. In 'Divorce versus Domestic Warfare,' Elizabeth Cady Stanton favors a latitude in dissolution of the marriage-tie which the evils that she points out do not justify. James Realf, Jr., writes entertainingly of Lord Beaconsfield in an article 'Of David's House.' 'A Newly Discovered Law in Physics,' by Stephen M. Allen, is at best only an unconfirmed theory of the formation of the solar system.

The New England Magazine for April opens with an illustrated article on Gladstone, by William Clarke, giving several new photographs of the venerable statesman and summing up his life work in a discriminating spirit. In 'The Old West Church,' Mrs. Emily Talbot reviews the history of Dr. Bartol's society and its predecessors, in an interesting manner. Frederick K. Saunders gives an account of the Astor Library. William Wallace Johnson illustrates 'The United States Life-Saving Service,' 'Jonathan Edwards,' by the Rev. Joseph H. Crooker, is a psychological study, and presents its subject as lacking greatness either as theologian or philosopher. Sallie Joy White has an appreciative article on Dr. Amelia B. Edwards. There is a sketch of Thomas B. Reed, by W. H. Brownson. In 'Egypt at Home,' the Rev. W. C. Winslow, D.D., gives an elaborate description, which is fully illustrated, of the Egyptian collections of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Dr. E. E. Hale's Tarry at Home Travel ranges from Keene, N. H., to the College Settlement in New York, and Island Heights in New Jersey.

Mr. Frederick A. Ober, the Mexican traveller, has gone to the coast of South America to get new lecture material. He was in

Spain last year with the same object, his specialty being Spanish-American topics.

BOSTON, March 31, 1890.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

The Lounger

AS I HAVE assumed, for a term of years not yet half ended, the grave responsibility of providing text-books for a band of youthful students, I have read with lively interest (and some misgiving) the reports, which occupy a large amount of space in *THE CRITIC's* exchanges, of a proposed consolidation of the leading school-book publishers of the country. According to these lurid and picturesque accounts, the publishers have organized a gigantic trust, and propose, after having driven outsiders to the wall, and secured absolute control of the market, to raise the price of school-books 'as high as the traffic will bear.' I met one of the alleged conspirators the other day, who quieted my apprehensions by an assurance that the purpose of the publishers concerned had been misunderstood or misrepresented. According to his account, the four leading school-book houses of the country—Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., A. S. Barnes & Co., and Ivison, Blakeman & Co. of New York, and Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co. of Cincinnati,—who, by long years of industry, frugality, and a conscientious regard for the public interest, have acquired a modest competency, have decided to retire from active business, and to turn over their respective interests to a new company (the American School-Book Co.?), which in its nature and purpose will be mainly philanthropic, and which will devote its profits—if perchance there should be any—to the education of the Freedmen, some preliminary work in this direction having already been undertaken in the State of Virginia. My informant looked almost too good to be true when he told me this, and I couldn't help noticing a far-away expression in his eyes, which reminded me of what was always my favorite 'piece to speak,' of some one 'who sat dreaming of the hour' when some one else, 'his knees in suppliance bent, should tremble at his power.'

THE air has been filled with all sorts of absurd and contradictory rumors respecting the plans and purposes of the new organization. I have no doubt the facts are substantially as follows:—The four firms above named—who publish three-fourths of all the school-books used in the country—have heretofore employed a very large number of agents, whose offensive and defensive work has not always been an unmixed blessing to the community, and has involved an enormous expense to their employers, which of course has been considered in fixing the price of school-books. By consolidation a large part of this expense can be saved, and in many ways the general operating expenses can be reduced. While we may entertain some doubts as to the purely altruistic nature of the movement, we see no reason why it should not result in a moderate reduction in the price of school-books. The new Company has been most fortunate in securing a building admirably adapted to its purpose at 806-808 Broadway, adjoining Grace Church, and will take possession on May 1. It will be by far the largest publishing-house in the world, its business being estimated at from \$4,500,000 to \$6,000,000 per annum.

THE REPORT comes from the Aldine Club that one of the smaller firms, that has been frightened before it is hurt, is negotiating with the writer of the letter which was published in this column last week, who desired to secure a publisher for 'a small Theological Theory' to be sold 'on a roily plan,' with a view to giving up the school-book business and taking hold of theological literature.

EX-MINISTER PHELPS was complaining in a recent *Scribner's* that the present age is an 'Age of Words'—that, whether with tongue or pen, we talk too much; and a certain number of pages were filled by the writer's ready flow of words in support of this contention. Of course Mr. Phelps objects to talk for talk's sake—not to the talk of one who has something important to say, as he must have felt that he himself had, to justify his rushing into print. And unquestionably there is too much talking nowadays. Everybody talks; and talks so loudly and persistently that nobody can hear anybody else, even if he had the slightest curiosity to know what any one but himself had to say. Macaulay had his 'occasional flashes of silence'; but who stops talking for a moment now? Bismarck is the last of the Titans of statecraft who could hold their tongues in several languages. Instead of a premium being put on silence (which used to be 'golden') inventions multiply for magnifying the power of the human voice and multiplying its notes. One after another the telephone, the phonograph, the graphophone, and the gramophone, are devised by diabolically ingenious experimenters, put upon the market, and snapped up by voluble talkers, infatuated

with the sound of their own voices, and jubilant that now they have the power to make themselves heard wherever the mail-carrier or expressman penetrates. Think of being button-holed by a bore at the antipodes! Yet this is what has come to pass in this age of words.

MR. ERASTUS WIMAN is a large man, robust in body and india-rubber-like in spirit. To him there is nothing baleful in the multiplication of agencies for the reproduction of the voice. On the contrary he hails each new invention, not with resignation but delight. See the glowing picture he paints:—

It will not be long before every hotel will have a half-dozen of these machines into which the guests can talk, and for a mere trifle buy a cylinder, transmit it by mail to his home or to his office. There is no limit to the use of this useful addenda (*sic*) and instrumentality of business. Like many other things in this age in the line of invention, one can double their (*sic*) capacity for usefulness and achievement.

There is something ghoulish in this glee; and I doubt not Mr. Wiman would have listened with edification to the funeral oration preached phonographically by a departed clergyman over his own remains. The instrument that I am waiting to see invented is one that will not only bury and absorb every sound that enters it, but paralyze the vocal chords of any one who utters a word in its hearing.

MR. PHELPS'S *Scribner* article has stirred up a hornet's nest by its misleading and contemptuous allusion to the Philological Society's 'New English Dictionary.' Mr. Fitzedward Hall, an English scholar, graduated long since at Harvard (than whom, according to Mr. Lowell, there is 'no higher authority for English usage'), takes the ex-Minister very sharply to task for his aberration, in a long letter to *The Evening Post*. Mr. Phelps gave his readers to understand that thirty years had been devoted to words in A and B alone, and that words 'of no meaning at all' were included in the book—a statement implying, Mr. Hall opines, that the Society 'selected their editor from the wards of Bedlam.' As to the essayist's use of our vernacular, his castigator observes:—

An unsparing critic might dwell at length on his slipshod grammar, his solecisms, his vulgarisms, and his indefensible Americanisms, such as 'aside' for 'apart from,' 'at that' for 'too' or 'withal,' and the slangy 'oversloughed' (*sic*). A counterpoise to the demerit attaching to these blemishes may, however, be found, by the naturalist, in the credit due to him for having brought to light a novel species of rodent, to be described, scientifically, as mythotocus. The existence of this remarkable creature he thus divulges, in passing: 'Popular literature, nowadays, consists, in large part of fiction of which the authors are more prolific than the Australian rabbit.'

MESSRS. WM. KNABE & CO. think that injustice was done them in this column in my allusions to Dr. Von Bülow's piano-forte recitals in this city a year ago. I said that the famous virtuoso labored under a disadvantage in playing on a poor piano; and a correspondent (a lady of unusual cultivation) wrote the next week to endorse what I had said, and thank me for saying it. We both expressed our surprise that Von Bülow should have spoken in terms of praise of an inferior instrument; and the flight of time has not tended to diminish one's wonder that he should have said that the 'sound and touch' of the Knabe pianos were 'more sympathetic to my ears and hands than all others of the country.' The question is one of taste, and Messrs. Knabe are to be congratulated on having procured the endorsement of so noted a musician. But one need not inquire what prompted him to write as he did, in order to justify himself in holding a different opinion. Dr. Von Bülow is again in America, and played upon a Knabe piano at his recitals in the Broadway Theatre this week.

I AM HAPPY to be able to assure my readers that the 'I' in Ibsen is 'short.' The name is not pronounced 'Ibe-sen.' For this statement I have the authority of Prof. Boyesen, who has known his fellow-countryman for many years. Mrs. Erving Winslow, by the way, has met with gratifying success in her readings from the Norwegian dramatist in Washington, though a 'lady' correspondent of the *Tribune* declares that 'the statement that "the Washington ladies were greatly taken with [them]" had only the tiniest thread of truth.' Mrs. Wanamaker, she declares, refused the use of her parlors, being unable to 'give patronage to an author whose works required such thorough deodorizing.' Mrs. Morton and Mrs. Hearst also 'gracefully excused' themselves. Mrs. Fuller, wife of the Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court, was, however, hoodwinked into letting Mrs. Winslow read in her drawing-room from the writings of 'that foul-mouthed Ibsen, who recognizes no law, human or divine.' This is a view of the matter that had not occurred to the corrupt society of Boston and New York. It took the Ithuriel

spear of this Washingtonian to detect and uncover the baseness of the writer for whom Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer is not alone in claiming a high reformatory purpose. Whether the 'lady' correspondent was one of the purists who applauded Mrs. Potter's reading of 'Ostler Joe' in Washington a few years since, I have no means of knowing. I should fancy she was. Mrs. Winslow read 'A Doll Home' in the Madison Square Theatre, in this city, on Monday afternoon.

MR. CHARLES E. HURD, literary editor of the Boston *Transcript*, was, I believe, the first translator of Ibsen in this country, an English version from his pen of the dramatist's poem 'Forviklinge' ('Complications') having appeared in *The Independent* in 1872. Nearly two pages of *The Transatlantic* of April 1, on 'Ibsen's Revolution of the Drama,' are translated by an anonymous hand from Jager's biography.

MAX O'RELL has had a very successful season in the United States, and is going home with a good many thousand American dollars in his pocket, and a notebook stuffed full of new stories. I fancy that the great increase in M. Blouët's popularity this year over last is due to his book, 'Jonathan and His Continent,' which has had so large a sale and has made his name so pleasantly known throughout the country. This subject has been the one that he has drawn upon for his lectures, and as we like to see ourselves as others see us (particularly the kindly disposed 'others'), we gave the Franco-Englishman a hearty welcome. I met M. Blouët in Broadway last Saturday evening, and the satisfied twinkle in his eye as he spoke about his trip was more eloquent than words. His expression was that of a man who had got what he had come for, and was going home contented. He will come again, I hope, and be equally successful.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE seems to have his hands on his purse-strings and his eyes roving about restlessly for suitable objects upon which to spend his money. He has just presented the Authors Club with \$10,000, the income to be spent 'for the encouragement of literature.' The gift was made outright, I believe, and it is for the Executive Committee to decide upon its use. If I might make a suggestion myself, it would be that the 'encouragement of literature' might be best attained by the 'discouragement of writers.' 'Literature' can never flourish while the machinery of the book business is so clogged with writing that is not literature. Every man, woman and child who can get hold of a pen and beg, borrow or steal a drop of ink and a sheet of paper, is forthwith equipped for the profession of authorship. 'I can do nothing: I have not been trained for a profession or a trade: I will write a book' is the argument of the impecunious. In the mean time I await with interest the Club's decision as to how Mr. Carnegie's object may be best accomplished. The best way to encourage literature would be to secure the passage of an International Copyright law. Mr. Carnegie's money could not be better expended than in accomplishing this end—not, of course, by bribery and corruption, but in legitimate ways. The disposition of the fund was to be considered at a business meeting held on Thursday evening of this week; after which Messrs. David Dudley Field and Augustus St. Gaudens and Prof. Josiah Royce of Harvard were to be the guests of the Club.

A Proposed Columbus Exhibit

THE *Tribune* reports a proposal of Secretary Blaine's, in connection with the World's Fair, for a complete exhibit of all the first-hand documents, costumes, instruments, relics, etc., relating to the personality of Columbus. The Department of State naturally takes the lead in making the suggestion, inasmuch as the coöperation of foreign Governments would have to be sought in the collection of material. As announced, the project has some grotesque features for which Mr. Blaine should probably not be held accountable. To ask European and South American countries to loan us their historical treasures for the fair will probably seem to them to be going about as far as modesty will allow, without the added intimation of the reported plan that America will furnish a 'permanent home' to such objects. We may be thankful that it is proposed to have only 'a model' of Columbus's coffin and tomb. Those who remember the offer made to San Domingo by an American citizen through the American Consul, not two years ago, to pay handsomely for the privilege of bringing the (alleged) bones of Columbus to the United States for a tour through the dime-museums, may well be relieved that the showman's instinct did not get the better of the Government to an equal extent.

On the side of the literary and other personal remains of Columbus, there must be great doubt if anything like a complete collec-

tion, even in fac-simile, can be made. Reference to the ample bibliography in Winsor's 'Narrative and Critical History' will show how widely scattered is the precious material, and often under what jealous guard it is preserved. If some of the most valuable documents in the archives of Spain are still not directly accessible to the reverent scrutiny of scholars, it is wholly idle to suppose that they will be entrusted to Chicago, even in that 'fire-proof building' which is to be so constructed that it can be taken down and carried to Washington; and it is not at all likely that so much as fac-similes can be had. Who can blame the custodians of such priceless treasures as are to be found in our own Lenox and Carter-Brown libraries, if they should be slow to risk the perils of transportation and exposure? It must remain extremely improbable, also, that the Spanish-American nations would strip their national museums for the sake of the Fair. Mexico had a rather disagreeable experience connected with that sort of thing, at the time of the New Orleans Exposition. Several of the finest canvases in the San Carlos Academy were included in the Mexican exhibit, and were more or less injured in transit and by climatic changes, and the howl set up by the press is a thing that the Government would not care to hear again.

Literature about Columbus is, of course, endless. Even in our prosaic days he furnishes an unexhausted theme to poets, as witness the heroic poem, 'Christophe Colomb,' by Gustave Zidler, just published by Calmann Levy, Paris. In this, Columbus and his noted contemporaries figure through four cantos. In the last scene of all, Isabella makes handsome acknowledgment of Columbus's services, and closes with the sonorous couplet:

Car Colon accomplit ce que n' a fait personne,
Car Dieu créa la terre, et Colon nous la donne!

In the sphere of Columbus-poetry, the South Americans have written a good deal. A really fine sonnet, 'A Cristobal Colon,' is the work of the Venezuelan poet, Rafael Maria Baralt, and its citation may not be inappropriate in these Pan-American and quad-centennial days:

Quien el furor insulta de mis olas?
Quien del mundo apartado y de la orilla
Entre cielos y abismo hunde la quilla
De tristes naves naufragas y solas?
Las banderas triunfantes que enarbolas,
En la mojada arena con mancilla,
Miedo al mundo serán, no maravilla,
Y el ocaso de tus naves españolas.
El mar clamó; pero una voz sonora
Colón! prorumpió y al divino acento
Inclina la cerviz, besa la prora.
Cruje el timón: la lona se hinchó al viento;
Y Dios guiando al nauta sin segundo
A los pies de Isabel arroja un mundo.

Mr. Quaritch is the happy owner of the Spanish edition of Columbus's Letter of March 15 or 16, 1493, supposed to have been printed at Barcelona during the next month. This is the original of the reprint of 1493, bequeathed to the Ambrosian Library, Milan, in 1852, and discovered there eleven years later; and of the Latin version of April, 1493, which, until the discovery of 1863, was supposed to be the only contemporaneous form of the letter. Mr. Quaritch bought the treasure from M. Jean Maisonneuve, its first purchaser. Its existence was unknown a year ago. We wonder if Mr. Quaritch would lend it for the Columbus exhibit!

"The Heir at Law"

THE YOUNGER COLMAN'S comedy, 'The Heir at Law,' has been performed pretty frequently in New York, and is associated with the names of many famous actors from Burton and Blake downwards, but it is doubtful whether a more satisfactory representation of it has ever been given here than that of the Jefferson-Florence combination in the Fifth Avenue Theatre. In its original shape the piece contains much that is out of date and not a little that is tedious, and Mr. Jefferson has exercised a wise discretion in condensing and modernizing it. He has cut out Steadfast altogether, has reduced some of the other personages to very narrow limits, has discarded as much of the serious dialogue as is not absolutely essential to complete the story, and depends for success upon the three central figures of Old Dowlas, Homespun and Dr. Pangloss, which include almost everything that is worth preserving. Nearly thirty years have elapsed since he was last seen as Pangloss in New York, although he has played the character repeatedly in other parts of the country. The impersonation, therefore, was new to all but the older play-goers of this neighborhood, and excited an uncommon degree of interest. Like all the rest of Mr. Jefferson's work it is distinguished by refinement of conception and extraordinary delicacy of execution. Its quality throughout is in the highest de-

gree artistic. No actor, probably, has ever invested the part before with such subtlety of humor or so winning a personality. Mr. Jefferson proves once more, as he has proved many times before, that just as much fun can be provided by the finer methods of comedy as by the broader and clumsier expedients of farce. There is nothing really farcical in his Pangloss, except possibly the wig, and yet no Pangloss was ever more amusing. He did not excite the roars which are the cheap tribute to buffoonery, but he kept his hearers in one continuous ripple of appreciative laughter. The quotations, old and new, were delivered with perfect spontaneity and delicious emphasis. The struggle between his deference to wealth and his sense of the ridiculous in his conversations with old Dowlas and his wife was indicated by the most eloquent gesture and an infinite variety of facial expression. In every respect the performance is delightful, but some of its very virtues expose it to the charge of inconsistency. It is impossible to believe that the gentle, if eccentric, creature whom Mr. Jefferson depicts, especially in the earlier scenes, could be as base and contemptible as the Pangloss of the play undoubtedly is. As a matter of fact a refined Pangloss is an utter anomaly. It is only in the coarseness of his nature than any excuse can be found for his conduct. But no one reasons in this way under the spell of Jefferson's acting.

The Ezekiel Homespun of Mr. Florence is a masterpiece of its kind. This old-fashioned rustic has never before been made so vital and true. As an evidence of the great versatility of the actor the achievement is especially remarkable, being in the widest possible contrast with the courtly Sir Lucius O'Trigger which preceded it. The pathos of it in the treatment of Cicely, for instance, and the allusions to the old happy home life, is of the simplest and finest kind, and the passion displayed in the scene with the translated Dick Dowlas is wonderfully real and impressive. The entire impersonation is a most happy combination of nature and art. The Duberly of Edwin Varrey is a capital performance, vulgar in a natural and unexaggerated way, and full of an honest and sturdy manhood. All the other characters were acted efficiently, but not so brilliantly as to merit individual consideration.

Tamagno, Patti, Nordica.

THE SHORT SEASON of grand opera in Italian at the Metropolitan Opera House would have opened on a much higher artistic level if those concerned in it had shown a keener appreciation of Verdi's purpose in his lyric drama 'Otello.' But with the exception of Signor Tamagno and Mme. Albani, artists, conductor, stage-manager and chorus unquestionably had a very faint notion of the difference between old-fashioned opera of the Rossini brand and the contemporaneous music-drama. Verdi's music is written with a conscientious and deeply studied design, which is to fit the words with melodies calculated to illustrate their meaning and deepen their expressiveness. When the minute stage-directions are so frequently ignored as to obscure this purpose, the composer cannot be said to be well treated.

Signor Tamagno was chosen by Verdi to first make known to the world his embodiment of Shakespeare's Moor, and the choice was a wise one. This tenor has been singularly gifted by nature with those qualities most intimately associated with the heroic figures of the lyric stage. He is a tall, finely fashioned man, whose movements are full of virility and dignity. He possesses a voice which is disagreeably nasal in the middle register, but which has enormous scope and power. While his deepest tones are uncommonly strong and rich, he has a high register of marvellous brilliancy, extending to C sharp *in alt*. His singing, excepting the nasal affection and a deficiency in the way of *mezza voce* effects, is distinguished by all the graces of the Italian method, including unusual ease of voice-production and polished elegance of phrasing. It is, however, in declamatory delivery that he excels. Here the enormous power of his voice and the beautiful distinctness of his enunciation, backed by his strong dramatic instincts, combine to produce moving results. And beyond and above all, he is a man of intelligence, an actor of superb power. His Otello is not a conventional opera performance, but a thoughtful and carefully-elaborated piece of acting, well worthy to be remembered as one of the best interpretations of the part. This same power as an actor invested his Manrico in 'Il Trovatore' with unwonted interest. Even the hackneyed 'Di quella pira,' to which most people listen simply for the sake of the high C, he declaimed with a passionate force which made the high note seem a fitting climax and not a mere *ad captandum* interpolation, as it really is. In short Signor Tamagno has fully justified the reputation which preceded him, and proved himself a truly great artist.

As for Mme. Patti, not much can be said that is not repetition. It must be admitted that the darling of the operatic stage is not the brilliant beauty of ten years ago, and her voice is undoubtedly de-

clining from its zenith. Her upper notes are losing their sweet and vibrant tone, and are becoming a trifle forced, and at times are not quite true. But her middle and lower registers are still in excellent condition, and have not lost that marvellously beautiful flute-like *timbre* which has charmed the world for the last thirty years. Mme. Patti now saves herself as much exertion as possible, reserving her powers for her more important arias and duos. She is a trifle less bold in attack, and does not display so much abandon in her style. Nor does she embroider her airs with such elaborate *forituri* as she did a decade ago. But when all this is said, the fact still remains that she is the foremost coloratura singer of our century, and perhaps the greatest the world has ever known. She still possesses potent charms to lull the senses of the nations and to make us echo the old cry, 'There is but one Patti.'

Mme. Nordica returns to the land of her birth with a much more powerful voice than she displayed when she sang here under Mapleson's management. The quality of the organ is hard, however, and some of the notes are harsh. She has an extraordinarily good lower register, but with a desire to display its power she forces it in a most deplorable manner. But Mme. Nordica sings with a good deal of dramatic coloring and with much vivacity. She has acquired self-confidence and freedom of style, and is, on the whole, a better artist than when she was here before.

"Parsifal" in Brooklyn

THE SEIDL SOCIETY, of Brooklyn, is composed of a large number of very energetic women, of whom the most indefatigable is the President, Mrs. Laura C. Holloway. These ladies are banded together for three purposes, of which the chief is to learn all that is worth knowing about Richard Wagner and his works. The second is to disseminate his art-theories, and the third is to devote the proceeds of their labors to enabling deserving poor persons to enjoy the sea-breezes in the summer season. Some time ago it dawned upon the ladies of the Society that it would be a glorious thing to perform Wagner's 'Parsifal' on the concert-stage, inasmuch as the work could not be given at the Metropolitan Opera House and is unknown to the majority of local Wagner-lovers. After much preparation the concert took place at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on Monday evening last, in the presence of a large and socially distinguished audience. The house was extensively but very gaudily decorated, and the stage was set with a scene intended to represent the interior of the Castle of the Holy Grail, but which looked far more like the sensuous abode of the magician Klingsor.

The performance had as much merit as a concert rendering could possibly possess. The principal singers—Lilli Lehmann, Theodore Reichmann, Paul Kalisch, Emil Fischer and Josef Beck—acquitted themselves with great credit. The orchestra, under Herr Seidl, was admirable in every detail of its work, the tone of the wind being especially soft and tender. But the concert presentation of 'Parsifal' is a serious mistake. It is a sin against art of which intelligent persons should not have been guilty. Only at Bayreuth can that atmosphere of religious seclusion and devotion be attained which is necessary to a proper appreciation of the work. But further than this, it is wrong to give any of Wagner's music-dramas without the costumes, the scenic effects and the action, which are just as essential parts of the poet-composer's conceptions as his text or his music. These works are not operas, and cannot be treated as such. They are dramatic entities that cannot be dismembered without producing an artistic monstrosity. Kundry on the concert platform in evening-dress is inconceivable, and the very presence of the singer under these circumstances puts the imagination at a disadvantage which is incompatible with the slightest comprehension of Wagner's purposes. In so far as the Seidl Society gratified the curiosity of those who wished to hear the least interesting parts of 'Parsifal' (those without chorus), it deserves thanks; but it has placed itself in the position of a Wagnerite organization which ignores the purposes and expressed wishes of its master.

The Lovell "Book Trust"

MR. JOHN W. LOVELL has just issued to the book and news trade of the United States and Canada a circular concerning the recent organization of a 'Book-Trust' in this country. He says:—

For several years past little if any profit has been made in the publishing or handling of what are known as the Standard and Competitive Books, such as *12mos* and poets. The intense competition has also led to a great deterioration in the manufacture—paper, in many cases, being used that would be spurned by a penny newspaper, combined with printing and binding that have brought reproach upon American publishers. It is notorious that such badly made books have never appeared else-

where. To remedy these recognized evils I endeavored to enlist the coöperation of the publishers of these classes of books, but found that the only solution lay in one firm or corporation obtaining possession of the plates and stock of the various editions, and, by enlisting the coöperation of the book-trade, maintaining a higher grade of manufacture and stable prices.

Mr. Lovell declares that he now controls more than one-half the yearly output of cloth-bound books handled by the trade (school-books excepted) and over three-fourths of the paper-covered books. And he notifies any possible rivals that they will be promptly 'run out of the business'—though he does not use these words. The way he puts it is this:—'No competing edition can be made so cheaply that the trade cannot depend upon a still cheaper one being issued to protect the interests I represent, and therefore no stocks of such a competing edition could be bought with any security as to price.'

Negotiations are still pending with a few houses, but the following firms have already come to an agreement with Mr. Lovell in regard to cloth-bound books:—Hurst & Co., Worthington Co., W. L. Allison, Alden Book Co., Pollard & Moss, Frank F. Lovell & Co., and G. W. Dillingham (all of New York); the Aldine Book Co., Estes & Lauriat, and De Wolfe, Fiske & Co. (all of Boston); Donohue, Henneberry & Co., and Belford, Clark & Co. (both of Chicago); J. B. Lippincott Co. of Philadelphia, and J. B. Lyon of Albany; and possession has been secured of the plates and stock of the paper-covered series of George Munro, Norman L. Munro, and the National Publishing Co., all of New York. So it seems that the lack of International Copyright is not to mean 'cheap books' any longer.

The Washington Memorial Arch

THE MOST notable addition to the fund during the seven days March 25-31 was that of \$335.84, the proceeds of the Thomas concert at the Lenox Lyceum, arranged by *The Commercial Advertiser*. The week's receipts (as follows) brought the amount in Treasurer Stewart's hands up to \$75,514.94—a little more than three-fourths of the necessary \$100,000:—

- \$335.84:—Proceeds of concert by Thomas Orchestra, March 22.
- \$100:—Elihu Root.
- \$53:—Subscribers to the Women's Fund, through *Commercial Advertiser*, \$1 each.
- \$50 each:—Pupils of Mrs. Reed's School for young ladies; also, a few employees of the *World*.
- \$25 each:—Mrs. Caroline G. Reed; George S. Lespinasse (second subscription).
- \$20:—S. P. Nash. \$5 each:—Franklin Chandler; Walter H. Williams; Employees of L. & C. Wise. \$3:—Mrs. Jane F. Roome.
- \$1:—E. A. Hoff.

Prospexit

[Margaret J. Preston, in *The Independent*.]

I would hate that Death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.

BROWNING'S 'Prospect.'

He watched for it—met it—and conquered!
With joy on his face,
He fronted the Fear. But the darkness
That shrouded the place
In mystery, failed to affright him;
For firmly and fast
He clung to his faith—that somewhither
Will triumph, at last,
God's ends in this earthly creation—
That Infinite Love,
Will lift the true soul that can trust Him,
All evils above!

Why fear then? That trust was his anchor;
Himself hath so said.
His life shall be only beginning,
When Death shall be dead!
Why should not the smile on his features
Betoken that he
Saw the 'soul of his soul' through a radiance
None other might see?
Clasped hands with her—named her in rapture—
Reached forth, as if drawn
By fingers invisible—faltering
One word—and was gone!

The Fine Arts

A Prospect of Free Art

THERE should be no politics in the action Congress takes on the proposition of the Ways and Means Committee to put works of art upon the free list. That part, at least, of the new tariff bill should pass both branches of the national legislature by a unanimous vote. Such action would go far to redeem the good name of America, stained as it is in the eyes of all civilized nations by its present attitude on the questions of art importation and the rights of foreign authors. The abolition of slavery wiped out the deepest blot in the 'scutcheon, but the absence of that stain makes the other two all the more conspicuous. When we have put art upon the free list and passed an International Copyright bill, we can hold up our heads at home and abroad; till then, they must hang in shame. Considered merely as a practical measure, it is found that the tariff on works of art does not protect the native artist; and that it is highly distasteful to the artists themselves, was shown clearly enough in THE CRITIC of Dec. 19, 1885, when the President of the National Academy of Design, the President of the Society of American Artists, the President of the Art Students' League, and many other well-known painters, sculptors, etc., expressed their disapproval of the Government's ill-judged interference in their behalf. And the *Tribune*, a high-tariff journal, furnishes figures to show that the sales at the National Academy's and Water-Color Society's exhibitions began to fall off heavily as soon as the tariff on works of art was raised to 30 per cent in 1883, the presentation of these statistics being buttressed by the assertion that 'the moral argument in favor of the admission of works of art is unanswerable.' The Philadelphia organ of protectionism, the *Press*, also admits that the tariff has failed to 'protect' native art. President Harrison has sent a special message to Congress, urging the removal of the tax.

The Gabalda Collection

THE GABALDA collection of paintings, bric-à-brac, tapestries and manuscripts sold at the American Art Galleries this week, was a most interesting one. There was an extraordinary inequality in the value of the articles offered, but this only piqued the interest and curiosity of the amateur on his voyage of discovery around the rooms. It was like digging for gold through tons of unfruitful rock. When the good things were found they were the more heartily appreciated. Most of the modern Spanish pictures were poor, and so were a great many of the so-called old masters; at the same time, some of the latter were exceedingly interesting, and did not need the addition of the unauthenticated names attached to them. Among the pottery, glass, old brass and carved wood furniture were some fine pieces, and the prices they brought showed that there was a sharp competition for the best, as there usually is, though the impecunious amateur may sometimes pick up bargains at these sales. On Wednesday afternoon a jewel-casket of carved ivory, said to have been given to Columbus by Ferdinand and Isabella, was sold for \$1125. The sales to Wednesday night amounted to \$31,886.35.

Art Notes

IN the numbers of *Artistic Japan* for September and October last, Dr. William Anderson, author of the most accurate work on 'The Pictorial Arts of Japan' yet produced, writes of Hiroshigé. This artist, a great favorite with the people, sometimes ventured into perspective and the use of projected shadows. There is a powerful drawing of a hare, and another of a hare's head. The colored plates are fair, and one containing the design of the overhanging leaves of bamboo touching the waters of a running stream and making swirls, is very effective. On the cover of the October number we look at the Japanese world through a saké vat, in process of evolution directed by a cooper. The main article, by Philippe Burty, is of less value in text than in illustration, the latter being from native books and giving a clear and realistic account of the process from common clay to gold-damask bag. The prints in tint and in black and white are numerous, the best being, respectively, a pleasure boat under a bridge and a school of fishes in motion.

—The arrangement of the electric lights in the Metropolitan Museum of Art is proceeding rapidly under the direction of Mr. I. P. Frink, and very soon the galleries will be open on Tuesday and Friday nights.

—The spring exhibition at the American Art Galleries will contain about 210 paintings by ten American artists, each of whom is to send from ten to thirty pictures—oils, water-colors, pastels and drawings in black and white. The artists are F. D. Millet, W. M. Chase, H. R. Poore, R. C. Minor, C. M. Dewing, C. H. Eaton, F.

K. M. Rehn, J. W. Champney, Frederic Remington and Carleton Wiggins. If the exhibition proves to be as successful as it is hoped it will, other artists will be asked to contribute to a similar exhibition next year. It will be opened on Monday, and will continue until the close of the season.

—Mr. F. A. Bridgman has put a large collection of his paintings and studies on exhibition at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries. It presents much work done since the artist's exhibition at the American Art Gallery in 1881. Mr. Bridgman has sent many pictures to this country within the last few years.

—Mr. Cameron, the London photographer, has reproduced, for sale, a portrait of Mrs. Browning painted by Mrs. Bridell Fox in Rome in the winter of 1858-9.

—'The Later Designs of Walter Crane' are again the subject of an article, by F. G. Stephens, in the March *Portfolio*. The frontispiece is a photogravure of Mr. Crane's design, 'The Water-lily,' a girl in crinkled white drapery, standing among reeds at the edge of a pond. W. Clark Russell's series of illustrated articles on 'The British Seas' has reached No. III., 'Down Channel,' with a photogravure of an admirable view of Hastings, by J. J. Chalon. 'Exmoor' is illustrated with excellent pen-drawings by Alfred Dawson, and rather poor etchings. The exhibition of relics of the royal house of Tudor is illustrated by photographic reproductions of Mabuse's portrait of Henry VII., and a suit of armor and a drinking-cup of Queen Elizabeth's time. The letter is supposed to have been a present from Elizabeth to Sir Francis Drake.

—Messrs. Reichard & Co. replace the drawings by Abbey and Parsons with the oils and water-colors by John La Farge lately shown in Boston. The collection includes some of Mr. La Farge's sketches in Japan.

"The Gondoliers"

HAVING read with amusement the libretto of 'The Gondoliers,' we make room for a few of the distinctively Gilbertian rhymes—jingles that recall the 'Bab Ballads' as forcibly as anything their author has written these twenty years. The first is 'The Duke of Plaza-Toro':

In enterprize of martial kind,	When to evade Destruction's hand
When there was any fighting,	To hide they all proceeded
He led his regiment from behind:	No soldier in that gallant band
He found it less exciting.	He hid half as well as he did.
But when away his regiment ran,	He lay concealed throughout the war,
His place was at the fore, O—	And so preserved his gore, O!
That celebrated, cultivated, under-	That unaffected, undetected well-
rated nobleman,	connected warrior,
The Duke of Plaza-Toro!	The Duke of Plaza-Toro!

When told that they would all be shot
Unless they left the service,
That hero hesitated not,
So marvellous his nerve is.
He sent his resignation in,
The first of all his corps, O!
That very knowing, overflowing, easy-going, paladin,
The Duke of Plaza-Toro.

The Utopian island kingdom of Baratania is thus described by the people and their ruler—or rulers, for, like Brentford, it has two monarchs on its throne:

Of happiness the very pith
In Baratania you may see:
A monarchy that's tempered with
Republican Equality.
This form of government we find
The beau-ideal of its kind—
A depotism strict, combined
With absolute equality!
Two kings, of undue pride bereft,
Who act in perfect unity,
Whom you can order right and left,
With absolute impunity.
Who put their subjects at their ease
By doing all they can to please!
And thus, to earn their bread-and-cheese,
Seize every opportunity.

The two kings (first cousins to our old friend Capt. Reece, 'commanding of the Mantelpiece') let the public into the secret of their daily routine of duty:

Rising early in the morning,
We proceed to light our fire,
Then our Majesty adorning
In its work-a-day attire,
We embark without delay
On the duties of the day.

First, we polish off some batches
Of political despatches,
And foreign politicians circumvent.
Then, if business isn't heavy,
We may hold a royal levee,
Or ratify some Act of Parliament.
Then we probably review the household troops—
With the usual 'Shalloo humps!' and 'Shalloo hoops!'—
Or receive with ceremonial and state
An interesting Eastern potentate.
After that we gener-ally
Go and dress our private valet—
(It's a rather nervous duty—he's a touchy little man)—
Write some letters literary
For our private secretary—
He is shaky in his spelling, so we help him if we can.
Then, in view of craving inner,
We go down and order dinner;
Then we polish the Regalia and the Coronation plate—
Spend an hour in titivating
All our Gentlemen-in-Waiting;
Or we run on little errands for the Ministers of State.
Oh, philosophers may sing
Of the troubles of a King;
Yet the duties are delightful, and the privileges great;
But the privilege and pleasure
That we treasure beyond measure
Is to run on little errands for the Ministers of State!
After luncheon (making merry
On a bun and glass of sherry),
If we've nothing in particular to do,
We may make a Proclamation,
Or receive a Deputation—
Then we possibly create a Peer or two.
Then we help a fellow-creature on his path;
With the Garter or the Thistle or the Bath.
Or we dress and toddle off, in semi-State,
To a festival, a function, or a fête.
Then we go and stand as sentry
At the Palace (private entry),
Marching hither, marching thither, up and down and to and fro,
While the warrior on duty
Goes in search of beer and beauty
(And it generally happens that he hasn't far to go).
He relieves us, if he's able,
Just in time to lay the table,
Then we dine and serve the coffee, and at half-past twelve or one,
With a pleasure that's emphatic,
We retire to our attic
With the gratifying feeling that our duty has been done!

In Don Alhambra's song we meet with what might be mistaken
for a parody of the character of the old king in 'Pippa Passes.'

There lived a King, as I've been told,
In the wonder-working days of old,
When hearts were twice as good as gold,
And twenty times as mellow,
Good-temper triumphed in his face,
And in his heart he found a place
For all the erring human race
And every wretched fellow.
When he had Rhenish wine to drink
It made him very sad to think
That some, at junket or at jink,
Must be content with toddy.
He wished all men as rich as he
(And he was rich as rich could be),
So to the top of every tree
Promoted everybody!
Lord Chancellors were cheap as sprats,
And Bishops in their shovel hats
Were plentiful as tabby cats—
In point of fact, too many,
Ambassadors cropp'd up like hay,
Prime Ministers and such as they
Grew like asparagus in May,
And Dukes were three a penny.
On every side Field Marshals gleamed,
Small beer were Lords Lieutenant deemed,
With Admirals the ocean teemed
All round his wide dominions
And party leaders you might meet
In twos and threes in every street
Maintaining, with no little heat,
Their various opinions.
That King, although no one denies
His heart was of abnormal size,

Yet he'd have acted otherwise
If he had been acuter.
The end is easily foretold,
When every blessed thing you hold
Is made of silver, or of gold,
You long for simple pewter.

Poetry and Prices

[Andrew Lang, in the London *Daily News*.]

POETRY rules low, and is little asked for, if we may judge from some information in THE CRITIC, of New York. Poetry, in fact, is 'a drug,' as George Borrow's publisher used to say. The ledger of an American magazine minstrel has been examined, with sad results. To be sure, as the minstrel, like Harold Skimpole, could not add up the little total, he may have made other errors. To five poems in *The Century*, at ten and fifteen dollars, he allots sixty-nine dollars. How he gets at this curious total does not appear. But even ten dollars, two pounds, is not really bad for a short poem, say half a page. Many English magazines would think five dollars an ample remuneration, and some, we fear, consider poetry its own reward. *Scribner's* pays this poet ten dollars for each lyric, and *Puck* and the *Judge* appear to think seven dollars adequate. *Lippincott's* is liberal, and runs as high as twelve dollars and a half. Nine dollars and a fraction, incalculable without the aid of Logarithms, is the pay of 'The Harpers periodicals' according to this bard, who seems to be in 'the gentle prices,' as the French idiom runs. *Life* pays him about five dollars and a half for each of his heart's outcries. *St. Nicholas* mounts to eleven dollars, and for thirty-eight poems he wins a trifle over sixty pounds. There goes a great deal of emotion and observation, let us assure the reader, to the making of thirty-eight poems. We doubt if they could be done at less than three recent bereavements, two betrayals by the only girl you ever really loved, one expensive remorse, six or seven distinct flirtations, five sunsets, three strolls in rural churchyards, and one *welt-schmerz*, or attack of general desolation. To be sure, *welt-schmerz* spreads out very fine, and can cover a great deal of paper. The poet can always 'gummidge,' and be lone and lorn. But think of the effect on the liver, the family circle, the general health. The poet needs to learn a great deal in suffering before he can teach, to the extent of sixty pounds odd, in song. Besides, of all articles in the trade, grief, mourning, and mysterious woe are the most abundantly supplied by poets, and the least in demand. A cheery little thing, after Mr. Austin Dobson, on Celia's shoe-buckle, is often priced as high as twenty dollars, while two pages of regret and inconsolable despair are at a discount, and find no purchasers. Little do the fat editors and bloated capitalists of *Lippincott's*, the *Scribneridae*, and other firms think of those things. Ten dollars for a broken heart, elegantly worked up, is cheap—too cheap. Yet, while the hard laws of supply and demand rule the market for verse, we scarcely see what the poet is to do. Then he wastes all his hard-gotten gains in publishing his collected works. And this is why we have *ron deaux* in the land; they are such an economy in material. Take thirteen lines, and repeat two of these thrice, as

She sees her image in the glass
How fair a thing to gaze upon,

and you can make at least five dollars rapidly, and often with little wear and tear of heart and brain. For example to write—

If you were here I'd go away,
I would not stay if you were here,
December does not mate with May,
If you were here I'd go away,
Whatever other folk might say
I really could not stand it, dear.
If you were here I'd go away,
I would not stay if you were here,

—to write this touching triolet, we repeat, is as easy as prose. And yet we presume it is worth five dollars in the American market. Looking at the question in this way, perhaps we may doubt if poetry is really underpaid after all. Any one can write it, on the magazine level, and nobody, it is whispered, ever dreams of reading it. Then fancy the honors of the poet, 'the laurel, the palms, and the pæan.'

Notes

A NOTABLE sale, to which we have already referred several times—that of the Hamilton Cole library, by Bangs & Co.,—will be begun on Monday and continue on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons. It abounds in manuscripts, incunabula, extra-illustrated books, standard works in library editions, rare bindings, portfolios, and every sort of printed thing that appeals to the pride and purse—

strings of the book-lover. There will be lively bidding in the auction-room next door to THE CRITIC office.

—M. Daudet, in a recent conversation, described how he had been led to write his new story, 'Port Tarascon: The Last Adventures of the Illustrious Tartarin,' Henry James's translation of which is to begin in the June *Harper's*. 'I was searching for a distraction from my sufferings—for one of those tasks that absorb one, and make one forget physical pain: I thought of Tartarin. Pascal forgot his neuralgia in working at mathematics; I have forgotten my rheumatism in the company of Tartarin.'

—The World's Desire' is the name of the novel upon which Rider Haggard and Andrew Lang have been collaborating for some time past. It begins in the April *New Review*. Let us hope that Mr. Haggard furnished the plot and Mr. Lang the literary dressing.

—Andrew Lang's 'Old Friends' is to be issued at once by the Longmans. The same house announces also Dr. Martineau's 'Seat of Authority in Religion.'

—Mr. Rider Haggard's Icelandic romance, to be published next year, has for hero a yeoman whose early life is spent among the Icelandic mountains but who finally turns viking.

—Mr. Howells's first juvenile serial, 'A Boy's Town,' describing the daily doings and dreamings of a typical American boy forty years ago in a little town on the Great Miami River, in southern Ohio, will be begun in *Harper's Young People* of April 8, and will be illustrated by H. F. Farny. It may be considered as partially autobiographical. Bishop Potter will contribute to the same number a paper on 'David and Jonathan,' the first in a 'Bible story' series by prominent clergymen of different denominations.

—Edwin L. Bynner's historical novel, 'The Begum's Daughter,' now running in *The Atlantic*, is announced in book form by Little, Brown & Co.

—From the Hartford *Courant's* published list of the subscribers to the \$400,000 fund for the public library and art-gallery at Hartford, Conn., it appears that the largest subscription is \$100,000, from Mr. Junius S. Morgan of London, whose son, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan of New York, gives \$50,000. Messrs. H. and W. Keney give \$50,000, and Mrs. James Goodwin and Messrs. J. J. and F. Goodwin \$50,000, while Mr. Roland Mather gives \$25,000. There are several gifts of \$5000 each, and the other contributions range from these figures down to 10 cents.

—Mr. Butterworth is quoted as recounting the following reminiscence of the poet Longfellow:—

I recall spending an evening with Longfellow in which he related to me the incidents of his life that had found expression in verse. 'I wrote "A Psalm of Life,"' he said, 'in my early years, merely as an expression of my own resolution, views, and feelings. I did not intend to publish it. I put it away for myself. I chanced to give it to the press, and it went over the world, and was even put into Japanese art.'

—Most readers of the April *Book Buyer* will probably be surprised to read in the biographical sketch printed with a portrait of Clark Russell, that the popular novelist was born at the Carlton House, Broadway, New York, on Feb. 24, 1844. His father, Henry Russell, was a writer of popular songs (*The Book Buyer* attributes to him Dr. Mackay's 'There's a Good Time Coming, Boys'), and his mother, a Miss Lloyd, was a connection of Wordsworth's and an associate in her youth of Coleridge, Southey and Lamb. The answers to the prize questions and the names of the winners of the prizes are given in this number. One of the questions was as to the identity of David Gamut—the Psalm-singer in 'The Last of the Mohicans.' The name is the *nom-de-guerre*, today, of Mr. Henri Pène du Bois, the bibliophile.

—Princess Theresa, only daughter of Prince-Regent Luitpold of Bavaria, has just published a work on her recent travels to the North Cape. The Princess, who is an experienced traveller, published five years ago a record of her travels (*incognito*) in Russia. She is in her fortieth year and writes under the pseudonym 'Therese v. Bayer.'

—'The Snake's Pass' is the title of an Irish novel which Mr. Bram Stoker, formerly well-known here and in England as Mr. Irving's manager, is about to publish.

—Harper & Bros. have ready 'Pastels in Prose,' illustrated from 150 drawings (including a frontispiece in color) by H. W. McVickar. 'Pastel in prose' designates a species of composition 'ranging from the dramatic to the lyrical in character, and in some instances resembling the story in form.' It is almost wholly new in English literature, but of late years has been carried to a high degree of development in France. This volume contains examples translated by Stuart Merrill from the French of Banville, Daudet, Judith Gautier, Baudelaire, Mendès, Guérin, Mallarmé, Hennequin, and others.

Ephraïm Mikhaël, Pierre Quillard, and Achille Delaroché each wrote a 'pastel' especially for the volume. W. D. Howells writes an introduction.

—Mr. Hugh Thompson, the young Irishman whose eighteenth-century drawings are pleasantly familiar to the readers of *The English Illustrated Magazine*, has accepted a commission to illustrate Scott's novels—a task which will occupy several years.

—The *Sunday-School Times* has arranged to publish Mr. Gladstone's articles on the Bible simultaneously with their appearance in *Good Words*.

—Owing to the great increase in the business of *The Christian Union* during the last two years, while it has been under Mr. A. D. Chandler's management, an increase in the office force has become necessary, and Mr. William B. Howland, formerly proprietor and publisher of the *Cambridge Tribune*, has assumed control of the publishing department, Mr. Chandler remaining in charge of the advertising department, which needs his entire time.

—Prof. Arthur Sherburne Hadley, the novelist and mathematician, has undertaken to conduct a new department in *The And-over Review*, to be called 'The Literary Outlook.' It will be begun in the May number.

—'The Pictorial Beauties of Longfellow, Tennyson and Browning' furnished Mr. Sidney Woollett with the material for a talk to the members of the Goethe Society and their guests at the Hotel Brunswick on Monday evening. The speaker's remarks were aptly illustrated with recitations from the descriptive writings of the poets named.

—At recent auction-sales in London the following works brought the prices indicated:—The Bible translated into the American Indian language, Cambridge, 1663 (New Testament, 1661), first edition, 102*l.*; the Myles Coverdale Bible, black-letter, 1535 (imperfect, as usual), 24*l.*; and (among first editions), Shelley's 'Laon and Cythna,' 1818, 11*l.* 5*s.*, 'Revolt of Islam,' 3*l.* 3*s.*; Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' 1667, 8*l.* 5*s.*; Spenser's 'Faerie Queene' (imperfect), 12*l.*, and 'Complaints' (also imperfect), 1591, 4*l.* 18*s.*; and Walt Whitman's 'Leaves of Grass,' Brooklyn, 1855, 4*l.* 10*s.*

—Robert Clarke & Co. announce thirty reprints, in fac-simile, of the rare 'Laws of the Territory of the United States North-west of the Ohio River, 1798,' sometimes called the Freeman Code.

—Several correspondents want to know what has become of the Boston Publishing Co., to whose offer of a prize for a short story we called attention last summer. We understand that the Company has gone to pieces, and that many an author is looking in vain for the return of his manuscript.

—From the 'Annual American Catalogue' for 1889, just published at the office of *The Publishers' Weekly*, we learn that the volume of the 'American Catalogue' for July 1, 1884, to June 30, 1890, is 'well advanced' toward completion. Hereafter the 'Annual Catalogue' (of which the current volume is the fourth) will be 'a continuous yearly supplement to the "American Catalogue" proper'; and we share the publisher's hope that this fact will stimulate the demand for it, now limited to about five hundred copies—barely enough to cover the cost of preparation. It is a publication of the first value and importance to the publishing trade.

—'J. D. C.' sends to *The Athenaeum* a copy of verses by Coleridge, found recently 'in a volume of miscellaneous tracts, bound up apparently by Southey, and now in the Forster Library at South Kensington.' They are printed in a fragment of what appears to have been a privately printed autobiographical sketch of Miss Matilda Betham, the cherished friend of the Southseys and the Lambs. The fragment is probably unique, for Miss Betham's distinguished niece and biographer, Miss M. Betham-Edwards, informs the discoverer that she was unaware of the existence of anything of the kind. 'J. D. C.' signalizes the lines

The Almighty, having first composed a Man,
Set him to music, framing Woman for him,

as 'interesting for the courage with which they announce as a *fait accompli* something which our Poet Laureate ventures only to hope for in the far future, when the stones of Girtton and Newnham shall have become gray with lichen,—

Till at the last she set herself to man
Like perfect music unto noble words.

—Mr. William Wallace Tooker has revised his list of local names of Indian origin on Long Island, N. Y., for the Brooklyn *Eagle Almanac* for 1890. The number of names for which he has found an explanation is near 200. *Rockaway* is explained by 'bushy land,' *Unkechuag* by 'land beyond the hill,' *Jamaica* (formerly *Tamagua*) by 'the beaver.' Another publication of Mr. Tooker's, 'Indian Place-Names in Easthampton Town, Long Island, with

Their Probable Signification,' deals with the Indian nomenclature of one township only. It investigates the origin of twenty-eight place-names, and was prepared for the 'East Hampton Town Records' (Sag Harbor).

—Dr. J. G. Fitch's 'Notes on American Schools and Training Colleges,' and Dr. Francis Warner's 'Growth of Intellectual Faculty' (lectures to the Teachers' Training Syndicate in Cambridge, England), are in the press of Macmillan & Co.

—Mr. Du Maurier of *Punch* and *Harper's* has taken up the pen as well as the pencil, and is writing a novel which he will illustrate himself.

—To A. C. McClurg's series of Laurel-Crowned Tales, which already contains Johnson's 'Rasselas' and Laboulaye's 'Abdallah,' will shortly be added Lamartine's 'Raphael'; or, Pages of the Book of Life at Twenty.' The same house announces 'A Winter Holiday in Summer Lands,' by a Chicago lady, who, with a small party of friends, made a winter excursion to Cuba, thence to Mexico, returning overland; and also 'A Short History of Mexico,' by the Rev. Arthur H. Noll.

—Subscriptions received by the New York Free Circulating Library from March 23 to March 30 were as follows:—\$1000 each, Andrew Carnegie, D. Willis James and Jacob H. Schiff; \$500 each, J. Brooks Fenno, Oliver H. Payne and Samuel Thomas; \$100 each, Anson Phelps Stokes, D. O. Mills and Calvin S. Brice; \$25 each, Wm. H. Jackson and Mrs. Charles Lanier; \$10 each, Mrs. Frances A. Johnson, John Wolfe, Joseph Kaufmann, Miss Susan W. Proud-fit, Alexander M. Proudfit and Charles W. Ogden; \$5, Alfred B. Mason. Total to March 30, \$11,060.

—Speaking of the late George H. Boker, Mr. C. G. Leland ('Hans Breitmann') says:—

As a mere school-boy Boker's knowledge of poetry was remarkable. I can remember that he even at nine years of age manifested that wonderful gift that caused him many years after to be characterized by some great actor—I think it was Forrest—as the best reader in America. Boker had at Princeton the best furnished room in college. He had more handsome books than any of his mates, and more of an unusual sort—curiosities, facetiæ, occultæ, etc.—the rakings of book-stands at a day when parchment-bound works were as common as almanacs. We read or recited to one another a great deal of poetry. He had begun to write it, and was generally regarded as being pre-eminently our college poet.

—An 'Outline Program' of the meeting of the national Educational Association, to be held at St. Paul on July 8-11, may be had by addressing the Secretary, Mr. W. R. Garrett, Nashville, Tenn.

—Henry Holt & Co. will publish shortly 'Stage-Land: Curious Habits and Customs of its Inhabitants,' by Jerome K. Jerome, author of 'Three Men in a Boat,' 'Idle Thoughts,' etc. It has spirited illustrations by J. B. Partridge of the stage heroine, the stage villain, and thirteen other typical stage characters.

—A translation of Henryk Sienkiewicz's Polish novel, 'Fire and Sword,' by Jeremiah Curtin, is in the press of Little, Brown & Co.

—We have received from the United States Savings Bank of Topeka, Kansas, a very useful due-date calendar for 1890, one of which the Bank will send free, upon application, to any address.

—The number of ordinary readers at the Astor Library last year was 53,984; the number of visits to the alcoves by persons authorized to study there, 10,226. The price of the new catalogue, in four large volumes, bringing the lists up to 1880, has been fixed at \$30.

—That versatile writer, Mr. Theodore Child, has prepared a work called 'Delicate Feasting,' which will be published by Harper & Bros.

—The late Col. John Mason Brown's 'Political Beginnings of Kentucky,' the sixth of the Filson Club's publications,—is published by John P. Morton & Co. of Louisville, and sold by Robert Clarke & Co. of Cincinnati.

—C. H. S. sends us the following literary notes from San Francisco:—Mrs. Flora Haines Loughhead, probably the best known novelist in California, has just finished a boy's story, 'The Abandoned Claim,' which may appear as a serial, on this coast, before it is published in book form. She has also completed the editing and revision of a curious volume of 'Hebrew Folk-lore Stories,' collected by a young physician of this city, and a publisher has been secured.

—San Francisco publishers do more in the way of art and holiday publications than in the way of general literature,—little tourist books, 'views,' 'glimpses' and a multitude of things whose greatest value is in their 'local color.' Some of the best designs are from W. A. Reaser and Ernest Peixotto, now in Europe, and Mrs. Wheelan, all three of whom have done excellent work for leading New York periodicals. The first two of these did some of their first work for *The Overland Monthly*; and Mr. Lyons, Miss Williams and Miss McElroy are also on the staff of that magazine. No one has met with greater success in local illustrating than Miss

Elizabeth Curtis, of the Art League, a niece of Mrs. Mary Curtis Richardson, the artist.—Dewing & Co., the publishers of the many-volumed 'Picturesque California,' which John Muir edits, and for which most of the descriptive writers on the coast have written articles, have just issued a volume of large photographs of the San Francisco region. They are mounted on hand-painted borders of California wild-flowers, and prefaced with local descriptive bits. Less than a hundred copies are issued in this form; but 5000 photogravure reproductions are in the press.—There is talk of another series of 'California Etchings' from Keith, and other well-known artists. The last series of six was etched by Edith Loring Pierce and Blanche Dillaye, and was very successful here and elsewhere.

The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS

1519.—I. Kindly inform me where I can find the lines on Thackeray, beginning

Now that his noble heart is clay,
One word for good old Thackeray,—
True Thackeray who would not lie.

2. Did Thackeray ever write an article upon 'Rab and His Friends,' or refer to Dr. Brown in any of his books? I think that my informant has got the matter mixed up with the fact that Dr. Brown wrote of Thackeray.

PORTLAND, MAINE.

M. B. M.

1520.—In Emerson's Works, Boston, 1881, Vol. I. page 3, in the 'Essay on Manners,' the essayist quotes 'If you could see Vich Ian Vohr with his tail on!' And comments 'But Vich Ian Vohr must always carry his belongings in some fashion, if not added as honor, then severed as disgrace.' Whence comes the quotation?

New York.

B. K.

1521.—Can you tell me of any book that will help me to tell the different kinds of rugs, or one that gives a list of china-marks? I do not care for a history of either subject.

BETHLEHEM, PA.

H. S. C.

1522.—Where can I find, in print, the following lines (quoted from memory)?

Like as a plank of driftwood, tossed on a watery main,
Another plank encounters, meets, touches, parts again,—
Thus 'tis with us forever on Life's unresting sea,
We meet, we greet and sever, drifting eternally.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

E. MCK.

1523.—Who wrote the following lines, and from what are they an extract?

How much a man is like old shoes!
For instance, both a soul may lose;
Both have been tanned; both are made tight
By cobblers; both get left and right.

HUMBOLDT, TENN.

H. B. W.

Publications Received

Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Allen, W. F. Short History of the Roman People. \$1.40..... Boston: Ginn & Co.
Annual American Catalogue for 1889. \$3.50..... Office of Publishers' Weekly.
Arnold, Whittier, Henley, Tennyson. Four Songs of Life. 25c. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
Bourne, F. W. The King's Son. 75c..... W. B. Ketcham.
Browning Memorial. January 28, 1890. \$1.25..... Boston: Browning Society.
Church, A. J., and Seeley, R. The Hammer. \$1.25..... G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Cook, E. W. Theory of the Moral System..... Burlington, Vt.: Free Press Assn.
Cooper, Thompson. Biographical Dictionary. 2 vols. \$4..... Scribner & Welford.
Crosby, H. The Seven Churches of Asia. 75c..... Funk & Wagnalls.
De Graff, E. V. School-Room Guide. \$1.50..... Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen.
D'Estree-Keeling, Elsa. In Thoughtland and In Dreamland. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
Elliot, J. R. American Farms. \$1.25..... G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Ellis, Havelock. The New Spirit. \$2.75..... Scribner & Welford.
Fabian Essays in Socialism. Ed. by G. Bernard Shaw. London: The Fabian Society.
Goethe's Sesenheim. Ed. by H. C. O. Huss. 30c..... Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Goethe's Reineke Fox, West-Eastern Divan and Achilleid. Tr. by Alex. Rogers. \$1.40..... Scribner & Welford.
Gray, E. C. Idle Musings..... London: William Heinemann.
Huish, M. B. The Year's Art..... London: J. S. Virtue & Co.
Ibsen, H. Prose Dramas. Tr. by William Archer. \$1.95..... Scribner & Welford.
Ibsen, H. The Lady from the Sea. Tr. by E. Marx-Aveling. Introduction by E. Gosse..... London: T. Fisher Unwin.
Ilowize, Henry. Jewish Dreams and Realities..... Phila.: By the Author.
MacArthur, R. S. The Calvary Pulpit. \$1..... Funk & Wagnalls.
Prescott, W. H. Conquest of Peru. 2 vols. \$1..... John B. Alden.
Pomeroy, 'Brick.' Journey of Life. 50c..... Advance Thought Co.
Sutton, J. B. Evolution and Disease. \$1.25..... Scribner & Welford.
Watson, William. Wordsworth's Grave..... London: T. Fisher Unwin.
Woodford, C. M. A Naturalist Among the Head-Hunters. London: George Philip & Son.

PREJUDICE AGAINST THE JEW: ITS NATURE, CAUSES, AND REMEDIES.

In the Passover number of *THE AMERICAN HEBREW*, issued to-day, appears a consensus of opinion, participated in by the leading Christian minds of this country, on the causes of the prejudice against the Jews, and suggestions for wiping it out. The contributors, as will be seen by the list published below, represent every phase of religious thought among non-Jews, and the writers have been free and frank in the expression of their views.

Among those whose views are expressed on this important subject may be mentioned the following:

Cardinal Gibbons.
Bishop Henry C. Potter.
" A. N. Littlejohn.
" A. Cleveland Cox.
" John H. Vincent.
Rev. Morgan Dix, D.D.
" Charles F. Deems, D.D.
" Howard Crosby, D.D.
" R. Heber Newton, D.D.
" R. S. McArthur, D.D.
" William M. Taylor, D.D.
" Philip Schaff, D.D.
" W. H. P. Faunce, D.D.
" Charles H. Eaton, D.D.
" John W. Chadwick.
" Phillips Brooks, D.D.
" R. R. Booth, D.D.
" J. H. Day.
" A. S. Hobart, D.D.
" J. M. Buckley, D.D.
" Wm. G. T. Shedd, D.D.
" Robert Collyer.
" Ensign McChesney.
" A. B. Kendig, D.D.
" A. H. Lewis, D.D.
Pres. Charles W. Eliot, Harvard.
Ex-Pres. James McCosh, Princeton.
Pres. M. H. Buckham, Univ. Vt.
" J. M. Taylor, Vassar.
" E. H. Capen, Tufts.

Pres. S. C. Bartlett, Dartmouth.
" W. M. Thornton, University of Va.
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